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Carlo Goldoni, Kenneth McKenzie



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# IL VENTAGLIO

(THE FAN)

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS

BY

CARLO GOLDONI

TRANSLATED FOR

THE YALE UNIVERSITY  
DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

(INCORPORATED)

By KENNETH MCKENZIE

*Assistant Professor of Italian in Yale University*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION



NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF

ALLEN SKINNER HUBBARD, 1911



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## INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1907 Italy celebrated with genuine enthusiasm the two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of her most famous dramatist, Carlo Goldoni. Great as was his fame during his lifetime, it has since increased. His plays, published in countless editions, still hold their place on the Italian stage. Books and articles concerning the man and his work have appeared by the hundred. Comparatively few of his plays, however, have been translated into foreign languages, or are known outside Italy. The Yale Dramatic Association is, therefore, performing a real service to literature and to dramatic art in producing one of his representative comedies before American audiences.

Not only did Goldoni enrich dramatic literature with some two hundred plays of various kinds, but also, finding the drama in Italy in a deplorable condition, he reformed it, still keeping it thoroughly Italian, and laid foundations for future development. Like Shakespeare and Molière, he was a theatrical director, and wrote his plays for immediate production on the stage. An amiable spectator of the life around him, a keen observer of the weaknesses of human nature, he gives us a vivid picture of his age—the eighteenth century on the eve of the Revolution. In calling him a reformer we do not mean that he had any literary pretension, any purpose of preaching morality or of improving social conditions, any interest in the contemporary intellectual movements. Whatever moral effect might come from his good-natured satire was incidental. On the other hand, he devoted himself to reforming the theatre for its own sake. While in other respects he was not a great man, his

theatrical genius compels the highest admiration. Many critics, in praising his wonderful ability to observe and reproduce the types of character and the everyday events that he saw around him, have failed to point out another characteristic—his extraordinary technical skill in dramatic construction. Inferior to Molière in intellectual grasp of character and motive, he is at least his equal in inventiveness and in theatrical dexterity. Just as Molière was greatly influenced by the Italian drama of the seventeenth century, so Goldoni in turn looked to Molière as his master. His style is not, however, an imitation; it is his own, and formed chiefly from Italian influences. In him we have, then, a genuinely Italian dramatist who gives a delightful picture of the society of his day, and who at the same time is a great master of the technique of the drama.

Not only his comedies, but the incidents of his personal history are entertaining. Indeed, his *Mémoires*, written in French when he was eighty years of age, read like the scenes of a play, and have been called his most amusing comedy. They concern chiefly his theatrical experiences, and give an excellent idea of the condition of the stage in Italy and France during his life, while at the same time they bring out his kindly and enthusiastic disposition, his straightforward character, and his cheerful optimism. In short, his historical importance has made him famous; his personality has made him beloved wherever he is known.

CARLO GOLDONI was born in Venice, February 25, 1707, and died in Paris, February 6, 1793. Although he engaged in various occupations in many different places, the really important part of his career is connected with these two cities, in which he wrote between 1748 and 1763 his most noteworthy plays. All through his life, however, he was actively interested in the theatre, as his father and grand-

father were before him. At the age of eight, he tells us, he wrote his first comedy. Soon after this he went with his parents to Perugia, and at the age of twelve he was sent to Rimini to school; he gives an amusing account of running away with a company of actors, and joining his mother at Chioggia. After trying his hand at his father's profession, medicine, he studied law in various schools, and finally was made Doctor of Laws at Padua in 1731. Going to Genoa in 1736 with a theatrical company, he there married Nicoletta Connio, with whom he lived happily all the rest of his life. For two years he acted as Genoese consul in Venice, which was still an independent republic. From 1744 to 1748 he practised law at Pisa, having gone there chiefly for the purpose of perfecting himself in the literary language of Tuscany. One day he received from a strolling actor a request for a new comedy, and he gladly entered into negotiations. The result was that in 1748 he made a contract with the manager Medebac, and returned with him to Venice as purveyor of comedies to the Sant' Angelo Theatre. Having acquired a knowledge of the world and human nature by years of wandering, and having tried his hand at various forms of dramatic composition, he now entered seriously upon his life-work.

In order to understand the importance of Goldoni's work, we must bear in mind the condition in which he found Italian drama. It seems strange, when we consider how passionately fond the Italians are of the theatre, and what admirable actors they often make, that their dramatic literature should not be richer than it is. During the sixteenth century great writers like Ariosto and Machiavelli amused themselves by writing a few comedies in imitation of Plautus and Terence; but these remained without permanent influence, and the literary drama gradually faded away into the pastoral. Then a style of drama became

prominent which had doubtless for centuries formed the amusement of the uneducated classes, the *commedia dell'arte*, or comedy of professional actors. The actors wore masks, and played certain conventional characters in every play, the important characters in northern Italy being Pantalone, a Venetian merchant; the Doctor, a learned man from Bologna; and two valets from Bergamo, Brighella the quick-witted, and Arlechino (Harlequin) the stupid. The dialogue in these plays was improvised by the actors, who developed extraordinary skill in this kind of acting; the author furnished merely an outline of the plot scene by scene, a *scenario*. No literary merit was possible in such plays, which by the time of Goldoni had become little better than buffoonery. The masks prevented any variety of facial expression, and character-drawing was out of the question. Nevertheless, this was the only style of comedy to which Italian actors were accustomed; it was immensely popular with the public, which liked to see the familiar figures in every new play, and it had great influence on French comedy in the seventeenth century. Molière's Scapin is a descendant of Brighella, as his Géronte is of Pantalone. In Italy, however, in spite of a few ineffectual attempts, no one before Goldoni was able to evolve from this essentially inartistic comedy one that should preserve its good features—quick and lively action, natural and colloquial dialogue, well-constructed plot, thoroughly Italian spirit—while giving it artistic form. By personal instruction Goldoni succeeded in training his actors according to his own ideas; and he tactfully began his reform by gradually making the masks less and less important, until he was able to eliminate them completely, and have the entire play written out and memorized.

His fame rapidly spread from Venice all over Italy and France, and he was invited to many cities to produce plays.

In every case he found that the actors still clung to their old methods, and were unwilling to adopt his new style. This was particularly true in Rome, where in the midst of Goldoni's play, the audience clamored for their favorite Neapolitan mask, Pulcinella. Even in Venice Goldoni met with bitter opposition and hostile criticism. He broke off his relations with Medebac, for whom he had written many comedies—sixteen of them in a single season; and in 1752 he made a contract with Francesco Vendramin, a patrician of Venice, to furnish eight comedies a year for ten years, for the San Luca Theatre. Most of his important productions date from this period. Some of the best are partly or wholly in the Venetian dialect, as *I Rusteghi*, "The Rustics"; *Le Baruffe Chiozzotte*, "Brawls at Chioggia." Others, like *La Locandiera*, *Pamela*, *Il Teatro Comico*, *La Bottega del Caffé*, *Un Curioso Accidente*, *Il Vero Amico*, are entirely in the literary language of Italy, the Tuscan. The language of Goldoni is, to be sure, criticised by purists; but he justified himself by saying that he drew his style from actual conversation, not from dictionaries and grammars.

Meanwhile rival playwrights appeared in Venice—Pietro Chiari, who attempted to diminish the success of Goldoni's pieces by imitating them as well as his mediocre talents would allow; and Carlo Gozzi, an eccentric genius who attracted crowds by his fantastic dramatizations of familiar fairy tales, and who, like Goldoni, has left amusing *Memoirs*. Weary of opposition, Goldoni accepted an invitation to go to Paris for two years as director of the Comédie Italienne. He left Venice with mingled pleasure and regret in April, 1762, and arrived in Paris in August; he never saw Italy again.

Once established in Paris, Goldoni found that the fight against the masks had to be fought all over again. The

Italian actors had been in Paris for nearly two hundred years, the famous company called *I Gelosi* having come there in 1577, to be followed by other companies until 1697. Driven from France in that year, the Italians were invited in 1716 to return and occupy the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where they remained until the Revolution. They gave plays in French, as well as *opéra comique* (after 1762), beside the regular *commedia dell' arte* in Italian. They had invited Goldoni from Venice in the hope that his prestige would save them from financial ruin. The conditions, however, were not favorable for success; and at the expiration of his contract he was ready to return to Italy, when he received an appointment as tutor in Italian to the royal princesses, the daughters of Louis XV. He was much esteemed at court, and knew the most prominent men of the day. In 1771 he wrote in French for the Comédie Française, the rival of the Comédie Italienne, one of his best known plays, *Le Bourru Bienfaisant*, which remained for many years in the repertory, and is also well known in Italy as *Il Burbero Benefico*. He was granted a pension, but lost it at the beginning of the Revolution, and for a time was in poverty. On a motion by the poet Chénier, the Convention voted to restore his pension, but he had died on the previous day, February 6, 1793.

Before leaving Venice, Goldoni had contracted to send to Vendramin for the San Luca Theatre a number of comedies; these might include those intended primarily for Paris, if rewritten with a view to production in Italy. *Il Ventaglio* was produced in accordance with this contract, as appears from the following letters:

"I have determined upon a new kind of comedy, to see if I can get good results from these actors. They do not memorize their parts, they cannot perform long, well-

constructed scenes; accordingly I have made a comedy with many short, sparkling scenes, full of movement, in which the action is more important than the words. A large number of rehearsals will be required, as well as patience and care; but I desire to see whether I can make a hit with this new style. The title of the comedy is 'The Fan.' A lady's fan opens the comedy, brings it to an end, and is the motive of the entire plot. The scene of the three acts is a village square, with several houses and shops, and with roads leading off. At the rising of the curtain, all the characters are discovered on the stage, absorbed in various occupations. Each one has something to do. In order to be better understood by the audience, I have made four of the characters speak French. I have read the play to the company, and all were pleased with it. If it is acted with spirit, I am confident that it will make a good effect."

This letter was written in April, 1763. Two months later Goldoni wrote that the comedy had been performed, but without the hoped-for success; it proved to be too difficult for the actors. Apparently it never was printed in its original form, with some of the characters speaking French. Goldoni rewrote it in Italian throughout, and in accordance with his contract with Vendramin, sent it to Venice in September, 1764. He was an excellent critic of his own work, and the following words in a letter which he sent with the comedy are particularly interesting in connection with the production by the Yale Dramatic Association:

"This grand comedy, which has cost me much labor, will likewise require much labor on the part of the actors,—labor of preparation and of extra rehearsals; but it is one of those comedies that best display the talent and ability of the actors. You will understand when you read it what sort of a work it is, but you will understand better if you imagine it as being acted. You have seen other comedies of mine which were similar, but this is the most carefully

constructed of all; the characters are consistent throughout, and the stage never remains empty. The tableau at the first rising of the curtain, and the scene in pantomime at the beginning of the third act, with the action of the different characters going on simultaneously on all parts of the stage, ought to produce an excellent effect. Urge them to have sufficient rehearsals. The success of the comedy depends upon the actors, and I feel sure of the result."

Goldoni's skill in technical construction is shown by the continuous series of amusing situations which follow one another naturally, and by the deft way in which he manages his crowd of characters; without any tiresome speeches of exposition and without ever allowing the conversation to become general, he makes each individual in turn the centre of interest, and yet none of the actors is ever idle; we get a lifelike, realistic picture of the leisurely business of a country village, with its ordinary occupations and its social distinctions. Occasionally the action becomes farcical, and the ingenuity of the plot suggests the influence of the *commedia dell' arte*; but after all, the chief interest of the comedy depends much less upon its plot than upon its strongly individualized types of character. Goldoni's reform consisted essentially in making the action of a play grow naturally out of the characters. On the other hand, he did not attain the comedy of character, as we find it in Molière; and with all its ingenious plot, *Il Ventaglio* is not so much of a comedy of intrigue as a comedy of manners, in which the characters, if slightly caricatured, are nevertheless types drawn from actual life.

Many collective editions of Goldoni's plays appeared, from 1750 on. In commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary the municipality of Venice has begun the publication of a monumental edition. The most comprehensive

collection published during Goldoni's life was that of Zatta, in forty-four volumes, at Venice, 1788-95; in the fourth volume (1789) *Il Ventaglio* was printed for the first time. Two plays, *Pamela* and *Il Padre di Famiglia*, were translated into English by J. Nourse, 1756-57; several operas by Goldoni were adapted for the English stage in the eighteenth century. *Le Bourru Bienfaisant* (1849), another play which had followed it in French, entitled *L'Avare Fastueux* (1805), and *Un Curioso Accidente* (1814) appeared separately in English, and were published in one small volume together with an anonymous translation of *Il Ventaglio* and an introduction by Helen Zimmern, in a series called *Masterpieces of Foreign Authors*, London, 1890, and Chicago, 1892. This volume is now out of print, and the translation is so stilted as to be entirely unsuitable for presentation on the stage. Three of the plays in the volume, with the titles *The Fan*, *An Odd Misunderstanding*, *The Beneficent Bear*, were reprinted in a *de luxe* edition at New York in 1907.

Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, who is now writing a life of Goldoni, kindly furnishes the information that *Il Ventaglio*, translated into English by Mr. Henry B. Fuller, was performed at Chicago in 1898 and again in 1909. The present writer has not seen Mr. Fuller's translation. *Un Curioso Accidente*, in the translation mentioned above, was produced in 1907-8 by Mr. Donald Robertson. Plays by Goldoni have been presented in this country in the original language by Eleonora Duse, Ermete Novelli, and other Italian actors. Annotated editions of several plays have appeared in America, England and Germany, as well as in Italy; they are admirably suited for students of the Italian language. The *Mémoires* were first printed in Paris, 1787; an English translation by J. Black has been published in various editions. Since Goldoni is a comparatively

unfamiliar name in America, the present introduction has been made more comprehensive than would otherwise have seemed necessary. Further information may be obtained from Vernon Lee's *Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy*, P. Monnier's *Venice in the Eighteenth Century*, and many other works.

In preparing the translation which is now offered to the public, the effort has been made to reproduce as faithfully as possible, and at the same time in conversational style, the literal meaning and the spirit of the original. In the performance most of the "asides" are omitted, or are indicated in pantomime, since they no longer seem natural on the stage. Considerable "stage-business" is introduced, and of this Goldoni would unquestionably have approved. It is hoped that in this new dress the dainty eighteenth-century comedy will not fail to interest a modern audience.

*Kenneth McKenzie.*

YALE UNIVERSITY, December, 1910.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC  
ASSOCIATION  
(INCORPORATED)

(Founded February 28th, 1900, by Harry D. Wescott.)

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*Stage Director.*

THE YALE UNIVERSITY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION  
(INCORPORATED)

TWELFTH ANNUAL PRODUCTION

“IL VENTAGLIO”  
(THE FAN)  
A COMEDY

Translated from the Italian of Carlo Goldoni

BY

PROFESSOR KENNETH MCKENZIE

Revised for the Stage by Mr. Frank Lea Short

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BRIDGEPORT--Jackson's Theatre, December 22d, 1910.  
ALBANY--Harmanus Bleecker Hall, December 23d, 1910.  
BUFFALO--Star Theatre, December 27th, 1910.  
ERIE--Majestic Theatre, December 28th, 1910.  
PITTSBURGH--Nixon Theatre, December 29th, 1910.  
WASHINGTON--Columbia Theatre, December 30th, 1910.  
BROOKLYN--Academy of Music, December 31st, 1910.  
NEW YORK--Waldorf-Astoria, January 2d, 1911  
NEW HAVEN--Hyperion, January 14, 1911.  
NORTHAMPTON--Academy of Music, January 27th, 1911.  
HARTFORD--Parsons' Theatre, January 28th, 1911.

## FORMER PRODUCTIONS

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*May 23d, 1900.*

"The Pardoner's Tale" of Chaucer and "The Second Shepherd's Play."

*April 23d and 24th, 1901.*

Thomas Heywood's "The Fair Maid of the West."

*October 22d, 1901.*

Bicentennial Campus Celebration—Under Auspices of the  
Yale Dramatic Association.

*April 23d and 24th, 1902.*

Sheridan's "The Critic" and Townley's "High Life Below  
Stairs."

*April 27th and 28th, 1903.*

Oliver Goldsmith's "The Good-Natured Man."

*April 19th and 20th, 1904.*

Tom Taylor's "New Men and Old Acres."

*April 4th and 5th, and Carnegie Lyceum, New York, April 7th, 1905.*

A. W. Pinero's "The Magistrate."

*April 3d and 4th, 1906.*

"Shakespeare's "Henry IV, Part I."

*First Promenade Performance, January 19th, 1907.*

A. W. Pinero's "The Amazons."

*April 1st, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford, Conn.; April 2d and 3d,  
Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, and April 5th and 6th, 1907,  
Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.*

Henrik Ibsen's "The Pretenders."

*November 18th, 1907, College Street Hall.*

*"El Doctor y El Enfermo," "Einer Muss Heiraten," and  
"Le Prétexte."*

*Second Promenade Performance, January 18th, 1908.*

Oscar Wilde's *"The Importance of Being Earnest."*

*April 20th, 1908, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel; April 21st, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford, Conn.; April 22d, Poli's Theatre, Waterbury, Conn.; April 24th and 25th, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.*

Nikolas V. Gogol's *"Revizör."*

*First Christmas Vacation Trip.*

Charles Selby's *"The Fire-Eater"* and Richard Brinsley Sheridan's *"The Critic."*

*December 30th, 1908, Parsons' Theatre, Hartford; December 31st, Smith's Theatre, Bridgeport; January 1st, 1909, Poli's Theatre, Meriden; January 2d, Poli's Theatre, Waterbury; January 4th and 5th, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York; January 16th, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven.*

*First Commencement Performance.*

Shakespeare's *"The Merry Wives of Windsor."*

*June 26, 1909, The Yale Campus, New Haven.*

*Second Christmas Vacation Trip.*

Dion Boucicault's *"London Assurance."*

*December 23d, 1909, Poli's Theatre, Meriden; December 27th, New National Theatre, Washington, D. C.; December 28th, Albaugh's Theatre, Baltimore; December 29th, Bijou Theatre, Orange, N. J.; December 30th, Jackson's Theatre, Bridgeport; December 31st, Poli's Theatre, Waterbury; January 1st, 1910, Hartford Theatre, Hartford; January 3d and 4th, Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York; January 8th, Collingwood Theatre, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; January 15th, Hyperion Theatre, New Haven; January 21st, Academy of Music, Northampton.*

*Second Commencement Performance.*

Shakespeare's *"Taming of the Shrew."*

*June 18, 1910, The Yale Campus, New Haven.*

## LOCAL MANAGERS

*Bridgeport*—BRONSON M. WARREN, 1904.  
*Albany*—DR. ERASTUS CORNING, 1903.  
*Buffalo*—NORMAN P. CLEMENT, 1907.  
*Erie*—MATTHEW GRISWOLD, JR., 1888 S.  
*Pittsburgh*—CLINTON L. CHILDS, 1901 S.  
*Washington*—G. GOULD LINCOLN, 1902.  
*Brooklyn*—ROBERT MALLORY, 1909.  
*New York*—GEORGE S. CHAPPELL, 1899.  
*Hartford*—PHILIP ROBERTS, 1910.

## COMMITTEES

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*Stage Manager.*

LAWRENCE MARSHALL CORNWALL, 1912.

*Property Man.*

HENRY AUCHINCLOSS COLGATE, 1913.

*Costume Committee.*

CHARLES VIRGIL HICKOX, 1911. EDWARD STEVENS, 1912.

*Book Editors.*

ALLEN SKINNER HUBBARD, 1911. CAVOUR HARTLEY, 1912.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

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EVARISTO,	<i>William DeForest Manice, 1911.</i>
COUNT OF ROCCA MARINA,	<i>Edgar Montillion Woolley, 1911.</i>
BARON DEL CEDRO,	<i>John Palmer Parsons, 1912.</i>
CRESPINO (shoemaker),	<i>William Christian Bullitt, Jr., 1912.</i>
CORONATO (innkeeper),	<i>Johnfritz Achelis, 1913.</i>
TIMOTEO (druggist),	<i>Earle Richmond Cummings, 1914.</i>
MORACCHIO,	<i>Ramon Aloysius Conroy, 1913 S.</i>
LIMONCINO,	<i>Edward Stevens, 1912.</i>
TOGNINO,	<i>Lawrence Cornwall, 1912.</i>
SCAVEZZO,	<i>Barnes Newberry, 1914.</i>
GIANNINA (peasant girl),	<i>Arthur Mowry Hartwell, 1911.</i>
GERTRUDE,	<i>Charles Virgil Hickox, 1911.</i>
CANDIDA,	<i>Rufus Frederick King, 1914.</i>
SUSANNA (shop keeper),	<i>Joseph Epes Brown, Jr., 1913.</i>

# IL VENTAGLIO

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## ACT FIRST

### SCENE I.

*All the characters of the play discovered, as follows: GERTRUDE and CANDIDA sitting on the balcony of the palace, embroidering. EVARISTO and the BARON in hunting-costume with their guns, sitting in front of the café drinking coffee. The COUNT, a country gentleman with a frock coat, straw hat and cane, sitting near the door of the apothecary's shop, reading. TIMOTEO, in his shop, pounding in a mortar. GIANNINA, near the door of her house, spinning. SUSANNA, sitting in front of her shop, sewing. CORONATO, sitting on a bench near the Inn, with a notebook and pencil. CRESPINO, on his seat, working on a shoe. MORACCHIO, in front of GIANNINA's house, holding a hunting dog by a leash and giving him bread to eat. SCAVEZZO, in front of the Inn, plucking a fowl. LIMONCINO, with a tray in his hand, waiting for the gentlemen to finish their coffee. TOGNINO, sweeping in front of the palace. At the rising of the curtain all remain for some time without speaking.*

EVARISTO. (*To the BARON.*) What do you think of this coffee?

BARON. I like it.

EVA. I find it delicious. Good for you, Limoncino; this morning you have done well.

LIMONCINO. Thanks for the compliment, but I beg you not to call me by that name "Limoncino."

eva. Oh, nonsense. Everybody knows you by that name. You are famous under the name of Limoncino. Everybody says, "Let's go to the Case Nuove to drink coffee at Limoncino's." Are you offended at that?

lim. But, sir, it's not my name.

BARON. Oh, very well; from now on we'll not call you "Limoncino," the "Little Lemon"; we'll call you "Little Orange," or "Little Pear."

lim. I tell you, I'm not the man to be made a fool of.

(CANDIDA laughs.)

eva. What do you say about it, Signora Candida?

CANDIDA. (*Fanning herself, then putting her fan on the railing of the balcony.*) What should I say? This is too ridiculous, really.

GERTRUDE. Come, gentlemen, let that poor fellow alone. He makes good coffee, and he is under my protection.

BARON. Oh, if he is under the protection of Signora Gertrude, we must show him respect. (*Aside to EVARISTO.*) Listen; the widow protects him.

eva. (*To the BARON.*) Don't you say anything against Signora Gertrude. She is the most worthy and honorable lady in the world.

BARON. Whatever you like. But speaking of protection, do you see the Count sitting there and reading with the air of a magistrate?

eva. So far as he is concerned, you are quite right; he's a ridiculous creature. But it is not fair to compare him with Signora Gertrude.

BARON. Each in his own way. For my part, I find them both ridiculous.

EVA. What do you find ridiculous in Signora Gertrude?

BARON. Too much affectation, too much dignity, too much self-sufficiency.

EVA. I beg your pardon, but you don't know her.

BARON. I think a hundred times more of Signora Candida.

(*The Baron and EVARISTO finish their coffee, rise, and give the cups to LIMONCINO; both wish to pay, but EVARISTO is anticipated by the BARON. Exit LIMONCINO into the inn. TIMOTEO pounds harder in his mortar.*)

EVA. Yes, it is true, the niece is a fine girl. (*Aside.*) I should not like to have this man for my rival.

COUNT. (*With dignity.*) Oh, Timoteo!

TIMOTEO. What is it, sir?

COUNT. Your pounding annoys me.

TIM. (*Still pounding.*) I beg your pardon, sir; I am sorry.

COUNT. I can't read, you deafen me.

TIM. (*Still pounding.*) Pardon me; I shall finish in a moment.

CRESPINO. (*Working and laughing.*) Oh, Coronato!

CORONATO. What is it, Crespino?

CRES. (*Pounding on a shoe.*) The Count wants everybody to keep quiet!

COUNT. The devil take your impertinence! Are you going to pound all the morning?

CRES. Sir, don't you see what I am doing?

COUNT. (*Scornfully.*) What are you doing?

CRES. I am mending your old boots.

COUNT. (*Beginning to read again.*) Keep quiet there, and stop your nonsense!

CRES. Coronato!

COUNT. (*Getting uneasy.*) I can't stand this any longer.

SCAVEZZO. Moracchio!

MORACCHIO. What is it, Scavezzo?

SCA. (*Imitating the Count.*) Just look at the Count!

MOR. Be quiet, be quiet. He's a gentleman.

SCA. He's a half-starved gentleman!

GIANNINA. Moracchio!

MOR. What do you want?

GIA. What did Scavezzo say?

MOR. Nothing, nothing. Mind your own business, and go on working.

GIA. Oh, how polite my brother is! He always treats me that way. (*Aside.*) I can scarcely wait till I'm married.

SUSANNA. What is it, Giannina? What is the matter with you?

GIA. Oh, if you knew, Susanna! I don't think there is a more disagreeable man than my brother in all the world!

MOR. I am all right. What do you mean? So long as you are under my authority . . . .

GIA. (*Angrily.*) Under your authority! I hope I shall not be very long under your authority.

EVA. (*To MORACCHIO.*) Come, what is the matter? You are always tormenting that poor girl. She really doesn't deserve it.

GIA. He drives me crazy.

MOR. She always wants to know everything.

EVA. Come, come, that's enough!

BARON. (*To CANDIDA.*) Evaristo is very sympathetic.

CAN. I agree with you perfectly!

GER. (*To CANDIDA.*) Nonsense! He does nothing but criticise other people, and isn't at all careful about what he does himself!

BARON. (*Aside.*) There, those are the speeches that I cannot endure.

CRES. (*Aside.*) Poor Giannina; when she is my wife that fellow will no longer torment her.

COR. (*Aside.*) Yes, I should want to marry her, even if it was only to get her away from her brother.

EVA. (*To the BARON.*) Well, Baron, shall we start?

BARON. To tell you the truth, this morning I don't care particularly about going to hunt. I got so tired yesterday.

EVA. Just as you like. You don't mind if I go?

BARON. Certainly not. (*Aside.*) So much the better for me. I shall have a chance to try my luck with Candida.

EVA. Moracchio!

MOR. Sir?

EVA. Has the dog eaten enough?

MOR. Yes, sir.

EVA. Then get your gun and come along.

MOR. I will go for it at once. (*To GIANNINA.*) Here, take this.

GIA. What shall I take?

MOR. Take this dog until I come back.

GIA. Give him to me, stupid!

(*She takes the dog and pets him. Exit MORACCHIO into the house.*)

COR. (*Aside.*) She is certainly a good-hearted girl. I can scarcely wait until she is mine.

CRES. (*Aside.*) How charming she is when she gives caresses! If she pets the dog, how much more will she pet her husband!

BARON. Scavezzi!

SCA. Sir?

BARON. Take this gun and carry it up to my room.

SCA. Yes, sir. (*Aside.*) He, at least, is rich and generous. Quite different from that beggar of a Count.

(*Exit into the inn.*)

EVA. (*To the Baron.*) Do you intend to stay here all day?

BARON. Yes, I will rest in the inn.

EVA. Give orders for dinner, I will come and dine with you.

BARON. With pleasure. I will wait for you. (*To the ladies.*) Ladies, *au revoir!* (*Aside.*) I will withdraw, so as not to raise suspicion. (*To CORONATO.*) I am going to my room; get dinner ready for two. (*Exit.*)

COR. Certainly, sir. At your orders.

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ACT FIRST. SCENE II.

*Enter MORACCHIO from the house with his gun; he takes the dog from GIANNINA.*

MOR. (*To EVARISTO.*) Here I am, sir, all ready now.

EVA. (*Taking his gun.*) Let us be off. (*To the ladies.*) Ladies, if you will excuse me, I am going to amuse myself a little while with my gun.

GER. Certainly, I hope you will have a good time.

CAN. Good luck to you, and good hunting!

EVA. (*To CANDIDA.*) I am certain to be lucky if I am favored by your good wishes.

CAN. (*To GERTRUDE.*) He is certainly very polite.

GER. Yes, that is true. He is polite and well mannered; but, my niece, do not trust anyone whom you do not know thoroughly.

CAN. Why do you say that, aunt?

GER. Because for some time I have had reason to say it.

CAN. I do not think you can have any reason for criticizing me.

GER. No, I do not complain of anything you have done, but I warn you to be careful.

CAN. (*Aside.*) Oh, her warning is late! I am already as much in love as I ever can be.

EVA. (*To MORACCHIO.*) Well, we are all ready. Let us start. (*To the ladies.*) Once more, I am your servant.

GER. (*Rises to salute him.*) I am your servant.

CAN. I am your humble servant. (*She rises and knocks the fan from the railing; it falls to the ground.*)

EVA. (*Picking up the fan.*) Oh, what a shame!

CAN. It's nothing, it's nothing!

GER. Don't trouble yourself!

EVA. The fan is broken. I am terribly sorry.

CAN. Oh, it doesn't matter. It is an old fan.

EVA. But I am the cause of its being broken!

GER. You must not be troubled on that account.

EVA. Allow me to have the honor . . . .

GER. Don't trouble yourself. Give it to the servant.

(*She calls.*) Tognino!

TOGNINO. Signora!

GER. Take the fan.

TOG. (*To EVARISTO.*) If you please.

EVA. If the ladies will not allow me, take it. (*Gives the fan to TOGNINO, who goes with it into the house.*)

CAN. (*To GERTRUDE.*) Just see how much trouble he takes because the fan was broken!

GER. No gentleman could do anything else. (*Aside.*) I am afraid that love has something to do with it!

## ACT FIRST. SCENE III.

TOGNINO, on the balcony, gives the fan to the ladies, who examine it.

EVA. (Aside.) I am terribly sorry that the fan was broken through me; I must try to make up for it. (To SUSANNA.) Signora Susanna!

SUSANNA. Sir?

EVA. I should like to have a word with you. Let us go into the shop.

SUSANNA. Certainly, sir. At your orders.

EVA. (To MORACCHIO.) Moracchio, you may go on ahead. Wait for me at the edge of the woods, and I will be with you in a few minutes. (He goes into the shop with SUSANNA.)

MOR. If we use up our time in this way, we may catch pumpkins, but we won't catch any game! (Exit with dog.)

GIA. (Aside, spinning.) Thank heaven, my brother has gone. I can scarcely wait till I have a chance to say a few words to Crespino, but I don't want that horrid Coronato to be present. He persecutes me, and I cannot endure him.

COUNT. (Reading.) Oh, oh, fine, fine, beautiful. (He calls.) Signora Gertrude!

CRES. What have you found that is so fine, Signor Count?

COUNT. What business is it of yours? What do you know, you ignoramus?

CRES. (Pounding on his shoe. Aside.) I will wager that I know more than he does!

GER. What have you to say, Count?

COUNT. You, who are an intelligent woman, if you could only hear what I am reading! it is a masterpiece.

GER. Is it history?

COUNT. (*Scornfully.*) Eh!

GER. Is it a treatise on philosophy?

COUNT. Oh!

GER. Is it some fine piece of poetry?

COUNT. No, no!

GER. What is it, then?

COUNT. It is something stupendous, marvelous; a translation from the French. It is a short piece of fiction, ordinarily called a fable.

CRES. How ridiculous! A fable, stupendous! Marvelous!

GER. Is it by *Æsop*?

COUNT. No.

GER. Is it by Monsieur de La Fontaine?

COUNT. I don't know the author; but never mind, would you like to hear it?

GER. I shall be very happy.

COUNT. Wait a moment. Oh, I have lost the place. I must find it.

CAN. (*To GERTRUDE.*) You, who read good books, do you like to hear fables?

GER. Why not? If they are cleverly written, they are instructive and amusing.

COUNT. Oh, I have found it. Now listen.

CRES. (*Pounding.*) The deuce! He reads fables!

COUNT. (*To CRESPINO.*) Why do you pound so hard?

CRES. Don't you want me to put the heels on?

(TIMOTEO begins again to pound in his mortar.)

COUNT. There is that other idiot, who is pounding again. Won't you stop?

TIM. (*Still pounding.*) Sir, I am doing my work.

COUNT. (*To GERTRUDE.*) Listen! "There was once upon a time a maiden of such rare beauty . . . ." (*To TIMOTEO.*) But do be quiet, or go and pound somewhere else!

TIM. (*Still pounding.*) Excuse me, sir; I pay my rent and I have no better place than this to work.

COUNT. Oh, go to the devil with that damned mortar! I can't read. I can't endure it. Signora Gertrude, I will come into the house. You shall hear what a fine fable this is. You never heard anything like it!

(*Exit into the house.*)

GER. That apothecary is certainly a little impertinent. (*To CANDIDA.*) We must go and receive the Count.

CAN. Go, if you like. You know that I don't enjoy fables.

GER. Never mind, you must come for the sake of politeness.

CAN. (*Scornfully.*) Do I have to be polite to the Count?

GER. My dear niece, you must respect others if you wish to be respected. Come along.

CAN. (*Starts to follow.*) Very well; I will come, to please you.

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#### ACT FIRST. SCENE IV.

(EVARISTO and SUSANNA enter from shop.)

CAN. What? Is Evaristo still here? Didn't he go hunting? I wonder why!

SUS. (*To EVARISTO.*) You have nothing to complain of. I assure you that I have given you the fan at the lowest possible price.



W. DEF. MANICE, 1911,  
*as Evaristo.*



EVA. (*Aside.*) Candida is no longer there. (*To SUSANNA.*) I am sorry you have nothing better.

SUS. I have nothing either better or worse. This is the last and only fan that I have in the shop.

EVA. Very well, I shall have to take this one.

SUS. I suppose you are going to give it to someone?

EVA. Certainly, I didn't buy it for myself.

SUS. To Signora Candida?

EVA. (*Aside.*) Susanna is rather inquisitive! (*Aloud.*) Why do you suppose that I am going to give it to Signora Candida?

SUS. Because I noticed that hers was broken.

EVA. No, no; I have something else to do with the fan.

SUS. (*Sits down and begins to sew.*) Very well, give to whomever you like. I don't bother about other people's affairs.

EVA. (*Aside.*) She doesn't bother about them, but she wants to find them out. This time, however, she did not succeed.

CAN. (*Coming forward on the balcony.*) Great secrets with the shopkeeper! I should like very much to know what it is about!

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) Giannina!

GIA. (*Seated, spinning.*) Yes, sir?

EVA. I should like to ask you to do me a favor.

GIA. Why, certainly! command me if I can be of use to you.

EVA. I know that Signora Candida is fond of you.

GIA. Yes, sir, she is so kind as to be a friend of mine.

EVA. In fact, she has asked me to take an interest in your brother.

GIA. (*Scornfully.*) How unfortunate I am! Left without father or mother, it is my fate to be under the

authority of a brother who is a beast. Yes, sir, he is really a beast!

EVA. Now, listen to me.

GIA. Go on. Spinning doesn't stop up my ears.

EVA. (*Aside.*) Her brother is a queer chap, sure enough; but she has her peculiarities, also, it seems to me.

SUS. (*Aside.*) Is it possible that he bought the fan for Giannina? I don't believe so. (*CORONATO and CRES-PINO show curiosity to hear what EVARISTO is saying to GIANNINA, and come forward.*)

CAN. (*Aside, coming further forward on the balcony.*) Private interview with the shopkeeper? Private interview with Giannina? I don't understand it at all.

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) May I ask you to do me a favor?

GIA. Didn't I tell you that you could? Didn't I tell you to make use of me? If my distaff embarrasses you, I will throw it away. (*She rises and throws away her distaff.*)

EVA. (*Aside.*) I feel like saying nothing more, but I have need of her.

CAN. (*Aside.*) What does this all mean?

CRES. (*With boot and hammer in his hands, comes forward a little. Aside.*) She throws away her distaff?

COR. (*Holding book, comes forward a little. Aside.*) It seems to me that the conversation is getting warm!

SUS. (*Aside.*) If he made her a present, she would not be so angry.

GIA. (*To EVARISTO.*) Well, here I am; what do you want?

EVA. Do be kind, Giannina.

GIA. I did not know that I had ever been unkind.

EVA. Do you know that Signora Candida broke her fan?

GIA. (*Sullenly.*) Yes, sir.

EVA. I have bought another one from Susanna.

GIA. Very good.

EVA. I don't want Signora Gertrude to know it.

GIA. Quite right.

EVA. But I should like to have you give it privately to Candida.

GIA. That is something that I cannot do for you.

EVA. What an ugly reply!

CAN. (*Aside.*) He told me he was going to hunt, but he is still here.

CRES. (*Coming further forward, and pretending to work.*) What wouldn't I give if I could hear!

COR. (*Comes forward, pretending to write in his book.*) I am getting more and more curious!

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) Why are you not willing to do me this favor?

GIA. Because I haven't learned that business yet!

EVA. You take the thing in the wrong way. Signora Candida is so fond of you!

GIA. That is true, but I do not choose to be mixed up in such affairs.

EVA. She told me that you wanted to marry Crespino. (*He turns and sees the two men listening.*) What are you two doing? What insolence is this?

CRES. (*Sits down again.*) I am working, sir.

COR. (*Sits down again.*) Can't I walk up and down while I am writing?

CAN. (*Aside.*) They have important secrets.

SUS. (*Aside.*) What in the world is there about that girl, that makes all the men run after her?

GIA. (*Picking up distaff.*) If you have nothing else to say to me, I will go to work again.

EVA. Listen. Signora Candida begged me to take an interest in your behalf, and to see about getting a dowry for you, so that you may marry Crespino.

GIA. (*Changes her tone and throws away the distaff.*) She asked you that?

EVA. Yes, and I am doing my best to bring it about.

GIA. Where is the fan?

EVA. Here in my pocket.

GIA. Give it to me, give it to me; but don't let anybody see it!

EVA. (*Giving it to her.*) Here it is.

CRES. (*Stretching his neck.*) He is giving her something!

COR. (*Aside.*) What can he have given her?

SUS. (*Aside.*) He certainly gave her the fan!

CAN. Oh, yes, Evaristo is deceiving me! What the Count told me is true.

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) I recommend secrecy.

GIA. Just leave it to me. Don't be afraid.

EVA. Good-bye!

GIA. Till I see you again!

EVA. I recommend myself to you.

GIA. (*Takes the distaff and begins to work.*) And I to you.

EVA. (*About to go, he sees CANDIDA on the balcony.*) Oh, there she is again on the balcony. I wish I could tell her about the fan. Signora Candida!

(CANDIDA turns her back toward him without replying.)

EVA. What does this mean? Does she intend to insult me? Impossible! I know that she loves me and she knows that I adore her, and yet . . . . Oh, I see what it is; her aunt must have been watching her, and she did not

want to let her aunt see. Yes, yes, that is it; it cannot be anything else. But I must break this silence. I must speak to Signora Gertrude, and obtain Candida's hand.

GIA. Certainly, I am very much obliged to Signora Candida for remembering me. Can I do any less for her? We girls do favors for each other without malice.

COR. (*To GIANNINA.*) Great affairs, great secrets with Signor Evaristo!

GIA. What business is that of yours? What do you care?

COR. If I didn't care, I wouldn't speak of it.

(CRESPINO comes behind CORONATO to listen.)

GIA. You have nothing to do with my affairs. You have no authority over me.

COR. I have nothing to do with your affairs, but I shall have very soon.

GIA. Who says that?

COR. The one who has authority over you has said it, he has promised it, and he has given me his word.

GIA. (*Laughing.*) My brother, I suppose?

COR. Yes, your brother; and I shall tell him the confidential secrets, and the presents . . . .

CRES. (*Coming between the two.*) Hold on there, my dear sir. What intentions have you in regard to this girl?

COR. I don't have to render an account to you!

CRES. (*To GIANNINA.*) See here, what secret have you with Evaristo?

GIA. Leave me alone, both of you, and don't bother me any more!

CRES. I will know it.

COR. What is that?—"I will"? Go and give your commands to those who are under your authority. Giannina has been promised to me by her brother!

CRES. And she herself has given her promise to me! A word from the sister is worth more than a hundred words from the brother.

COR. (To CRESPINO.) We shall see about that.

CRES. (To GIANNINA.) What did Evaristo give you?

GIA. I wish he would give you the devil.

COR. Now, see here! (Aside.) I saw him come out of the shop. The shopkeeper will tell me.

CRES. I suppose he bought a present.

GIA. I will say nothing about it. I hope that Susanna . . . .

COR. (To SUSANNA.) Tell me, I beg of you, what did Signor Evaristo buy of you?

SUS. (Smiling.) A fan.

CRES. Have you any idea what he gave to Giannina?

SUS. Why, the fan, of course.

GIA. Nothing of the sort!

SUS. (To GIANNINA.) What, nothing of the sort?

COR. (To GIANNINA, roughly.) Show me that fan!

CRES. (Pushing CORONATO aside.) It's none of your business! (To GIANNINA.) I want to see that fan.

(CORONATO and CRESPINO are about to strike each other.)

GIA. (To SUSANNA.) All your fault!

SUS. (Angrily.) My fault?

GIA. You are a tattle-tale!

SUS. You dare to call me a tattle-tale?

GIA. (Raising her distaff.) Look out, or I swear . . . .

SUS. (Drawing back.) I will go, for fear I may lose my temper.

GIA. Lose your temper?

SUS. You are nothing but a peasant girl, and you act like one! (Exit into shop. GIANNINA tries to follow, CRESPINO holds her back.)

GIA. Leave me alone!

CRES. (Roughly.) Let me see that fan!

GIA. I haven't any fan!

COR. What did Evaristo give you?

GIA. I tell you that you are impertinent!

COR. I want to know it!

CRES. (Pushes him aside.) None of your business, I tell you!

GIA. (Going toward her house.) This is no way to treat respectable girls!

CRES. Please tell me, Giannina.

GIA. I will tell you nothing.

COR. (Pushes CRESPINO aside.) I am the one who must know!

GIA. Go to the devil, both of you! (Goes into her house and shuts the door in their faces.)

COR. This insult to me? It is all your fault!

CRES. You are impertinent!

COR. Don't make me get angry.

CRES. I am not afraid of you.

COR. Giannina is to be my wife.

CRES. No, she never will, or I swear to Heaven . . . .

COR. What do you mean by these threats? Whom do you think you are dealing with?

CRES. I am an honest man, and everybody knows me.

COR. And how about me?

CRES. I know nothing about you.

COR. I am a respectable inn-keeper.

CRES. Respectable?

COR. What! do you doubt it?

CRES. I am not the only one who doubts it.

COR. Who, then?

CRES. Everybody in the village.

COR. See here, my friend, I am not the one they talk about; I don't sell old second-hand leather for new!

CRES. And I don't sell water for wine, nor old sheep for mutton; and I don't go about at night stealing cats to sell them for lamb and rabbit!

COR. (Raising his hand.) I swear to Heaven . . . .

CRES. (Raising his hand.) What's this?

COR. (Putting his hand in his pocket.) Corpo di bacco!

CRES. (Going to get his hammer.) His hand in his pocket?

COR. (Picking up a stool.) I have no knife with me!

(CRESPINO drops his hammer and picks up a chair; they are about to strike one another.)

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### ACT FIRST. SCENE V.

Enter TIMOTEO from his shop, with pestle; LIMONCINO from the café, with a stick of wood; SCAVEZZO from the inn, with a poker; and the COUNT, from the palace, trying to separate them.

COUNT. (Keeping at a safe distance.) Hold on, hold on, stop! stop! I command you. Here I am, you beasts, I am the Count di Rocca Marina. Stop, you beasts, I command you.

CRES. (To CORONATO.) That's right, I have respect for the Count.

COR. Yes, you had better thank the Count; otherwise I would have broken your head.

COUNT. Come, come, that's quite enough. I want to know what this quarrel is about. You other people go away. I am here, there is no need of anybody else.

(LIMONCINO and SCAVEZZO *exeunt*.)

TIM. Anybody hurt?

COUNT. You would like to have them break their heads, fracture their legs, or dislocate their arms, wouldn't you? So that you could exercise your talents, and show your skill.

TIM. I wish no harm to anybody, but if they had any need, if they were injured, wounded, or crippled, I would do what I could for them. I should be especially glad in such a way to serve your illustrious lordship.

COUNT. You are impertinent. I will have you sent away.

TIM. Honest men can't be sent away so easily.

COUNT. We can send away ignorant, impertinent and dishonest apothecaries like you!

TIM. I am surprised that you should speak so, sir; remember that without my pills you would now be dead!

COUNT. Insolent fellow!

TIM. And by the way, you haven't paid for those pills yet. (Exit.)

COR. *(Aside.)* In this matter the Count might be of some use to me.

COUNT. Well, then, what has happened? What's the matter with you? What is the reason for this quarrel?

CRES. I will tell you, sir. I have no objections to telling it in the presence of everybody. I love Giannina.

COR. And Giannina is to be my wife.

COUNT. Ah, ah, I understand; warfare of love, two champions of Cupid, two valiant rivals, two suitors for the beautiful Venus, the Goddess of Case Nuove! *(Laughing.)*

CRES. *(Starting to go away.)* If you think I will let myself be made fun of . . . .

COUNT. *(Stopping him.)* No, come here.

COR. The thing is serious, I assure you.

COUNT. Yes, I believe you. You are lovers, and you are rivals. Cospetto di Bacco! What a coincidence! Just like the fable which I was reading to Signora Gertrude. (*Reading from his book.*) "There was once upon a time a maiden of such rare beauty . . . ."

CRES. (*Aside.*) Now I see. (*Aloud.*) With your permission . . . .

COUNT. Where are you going? Come back here!

CRES. If you permit me, I am going to finish mending your boots.

COUNT. Oh, yes, go; and see that they are ready to-morrow morning.

COR. And above all, see that they are not mended with second-hand leather!

CRES. (*To CORONATO.*) I will come to your inn to get some new leather.

COR. Thank Heaven, I'm not a cobbler, nor a shoemaker!

CRES. That's all right, you can give me some horse-hide, or some cat-skin! (*Exit.*)

COR. (*Aside.*) Certainly that fellow will have to die at my hands.

COUNT. What was that he said about cats? Surely you don't give us cats to eat?

COR. Sir, I am an honest man, and that fellow is an impudent rascal who persecutes me.

COUNT. This is the result of passion and rivalry. So you are the lover of Giannina?

COR. Yes, sir; and in fact, I was just going to recommend myself to your protection.

COUNT. My protection! (*Putting on airs.*) Very well, we will see. Are you sure that she returns your affection?

COR. In truth, I'm afraid that she's more inclined to the other one than to me.

COUNT. Unfortunate!

COR. But I have her brother's promise.

COUNT. I wouldn't depend much on that.

COR. Moracchio has absolutely promised her to me.

COUNT. That's all very well, but you can't force a woman.

COR. Her brother can do what he likes with her.

COUNT. (*Warmly.*) That's not true. Her brother cannot dispose of her.

COR. But with your protection . . . .

COUNT. My protection is all very well; my protection is worth a good deal; my protection has great influence. But a gentleman like me cannot regulate and dispose of a woman's love.

COR. After all, she's nothing but a peasant.

COUNT. What difference does that make? A woman is always a woman. I distinguish the rank and the position, but on general principles I respect the sex.

COR. (*Aside.*) I see; his protection is no good at all!

COUNT. How are you off for wine? Have you some good wine on hand?

COR. I have some excellent wine; the best quality; delicious.

COUNT. I will come and taste it. My wine turned out badly this year.

COR. (*Aside.*) He has sold his own wine for three years.

COUNT. If yours is good, I will get what I need from you.

COR. (*Aside.*) I don't care about the honor.

COUNT. Did you hear what I said?

COR. I heard.

COUNT. Tell me something. If I should speak to the girl, and should induce her by my persuasion . . . .

COR. Your words might perhaps have some effect in my favor.

COUNT. You certainly ought to be preferred.

COR. It seems to me that between me and Crespino . . . .

COUNT. Oh, there's no comparison. A man like you, an honest fellow, polite . . . .

COR. You are too kind.

COUNT. And then it is true that I respect women, but for this very reason, knowing them as I do, I assure you that they do for me what they wouldn't think of doing for anybody else.

COR. That's exactly what I thought myself, but you almost made me give up hope.

COUNT. I am like those lawyers who begin with the unfavorable side. My friend, you keep a good inn; you can support a wife in proper style. Trust me, I will do everything I can for you.

COR. I recommend myself to your protection.

COUNT. I grant it to you and promise it to you.

COR. If you care to take the trouble to come and taste my wine . . . .

COUNT. Very happy indeed. I do not stand on ceremony with you.

COR. At your service, sir.

COUNT. (*Putting his hand on CORONATO's shoulder.*) You are a fine fellow. Let us go in.

COR. (*Aside.*) Two or three barrels of wine would be well used. (*Exeunt into inn.*)

CURTAIN.

## ACT SECOND.

### SCENE I.

*Enter SUSANNA from her shop; she displays her goods.*

Sus. Very poor business in this village! The only thing I have sold up to now is a fan, and I almost gave that away, just to get rid of it. Everybody who can spend money goes to the city to shop. There is no use trying to sell to the poor. I'm a fool to waste my time here among these country people, who have no manners and no consideration. They make no distinction between a lady who keeps a shop and the girls who sell milk, vegetables and eggs. The education that I got in the city is of no use to me out here in this countrified place. They are all the same sort—Susanna, Giannina, Margherita, Lucia, the shop-keeper, the goat-girl and the farmer's daughter—they are all counted in together. Those two ladies in the palace have some distinction shown them,—but mighty little, after all. Then that impudent Giannina, because the ladies patronize her she thinks she's something wonderful. She has had a fan given to her. Now what is a country girl like that going to do with a fan? She'll make a fine appearance fanning herself this way. (*Imitating GIANNINA.*) Much good may it do her. Perfectly ridiculous, I call it; and yet it nearly drives me crazy. Well, anyway, I was properly brought up, and I can't stand such ways. (*She sits and begins to work.*)

## ACT SECOND. SCENE II.

*Enter CANDIDA from the palace.*

CAN. I cannot rest unless I find out about something which I do not understand. I saw Evaristo come out of the shop and go up to Giannina, and he certainly must have given her something. I'd like to see if Susanna can tell me anything about it. My aunt is quite right, you must not trust people without knowing them thoroughly. Alas for me, if I should find him unfaithful. He is my first and only love. I have never loved anyone but him. (*She goes slowly toward SUSANNA.*)

SUS. (*Rising.*) Oh, Signora Candida, your humble servant.

CAN. Good-day, Signora Susanna. What are you working on there?

SUS. Just to amuse myself, I am working on a bonnet.

CAN. To sell?

SUS. Yes, to sell, but Heaven knows when.

CAN. Maybe I might make use of a nightcap.

SUS. I have some already made. May I show them to you?

CAN. No, no, there is no hurry; another time.

SUS. (*Offering her a chair.*) Won't you sit down?

CAN. And you?

SUS. I will get another chair. (*She brings a chair from the shop.*) Sit down here, this is a better place.

CAN. You sit down, too, and go on working. (*Both sit.*)

SUS. It's very kind of you to come and talk with me. It is easy to see that you are a lady. A lady is willing to talk with anyone. These peasants are all as proud as Lucifer, especially that Giannina . . . .

CAN. Speaking of Giannina, did you notice when Evaristo was talking with her?

SUS. Did I notice it? How could I help it?

CAN. He had a long conversation with her.

SUS. Do you know what happened afterwards? Do you know what a quarrel there was?

CAN. I heard an awful noise. They told me that Coronato and Crespino nearly came to blows.

SUS. That is true, and all on account of that precious jewel, that charming Giannina!

CAN. But why?

SUS. Through jealousy of each other, and jealousy of Evaristo.

CAN. Do you think that Evaristo cares anything for Giannina?

SUS. I don't know at all about that. I don't bother with other people's affairs, and I never think ill of anyone. But if the innkeeper and the shoemaker are jealous of him, they must have some reason.

CAN. (*Aside.*) Alas! unfortunately for me, what she says is only too true.

SUS. I beg your pardon, I hope I am not doing wrong in speaking?

CAN. Why should you be?

SUS. I hope you have no inclination for Signor Evaristo?

CAN. I? I certainly have not. I know him, because he comes to the house sometimes. He is a friend of my aunt's.

SUS. I will tell you the truth. (*Aside.*) I don't think she can be offended at this. (*Aloud.*) I thought that perhaps between you and Signor Evaristo there was some kind of an understanding; but after what happened in my shop this morning, I see that I was mistaken.

CAN. Was he in your shop this morning?

SUS. I will tell you. He came to buy a fan.

CAN. He bought a fan?

SUS. Certainly; and as I had seen that you had broken yours, partly on his account, I said at once, "He must have bought it to give to Signora Candida."

CAN. So he bought it for me?

SUS. Oh, no, not at all. Indeed, I may tell you that I was so bold as to ask him whether he had bought it for you. In truth he replied to me as if I had offended him. "I have no reason to give it to her," he said; "what have I to do with Signora Candida? I have something else to do with the fan."

CAN. And what did he do with the fan?

SUS. What did he do with it? He gave it to Giannina.

CAN. (*Aside, much agitated.*) I am in despair! What shall I do now?

SUS. (*Watching her.*) Signora Candida!

CAN. (*Aside.*) Ungrateful! Faithless! and for what? For a peasant girl!

SUS. (*Eagerly.*) Signora Candida!

CAN. (*Aside.*) This is an unendurable insult.

SUS. Oh, dear me, now I have done it! Signora Candida, calm yourself. Maybe I was mistaken.

CAN. So you think that he gave the fan to Giannina?

SUS. So far as that goes, I saw him with my own eyes.

CAN. What did you mean then, by saying you might be mistaken?

SUS. I don't know. I hope that, so far as I am concerned . . . .



R. F. KING, 1914,  
*as Candide.*



## ACT SECOND. SCENE III.

*Enter GERTRUDE from the palace.*

SUS. (To CANDIDA.) Here is your aunt.

CAN. For love of Heaven, don't tell her anything.

SUS. No danger! (Aside.) She wanted me to believe that it was not so. So much the worse for her. Why didn't she tell me the truth about Signor Evaristo?

GER. What are you doing here, niece?

SUS. She is kind enough to talk with me for a few minutes.

CAN. I came to see if she had a nightcap.

SUS. Yes, that is true. She asked me for one. (To CANDIDA.) Don't worry, you can depend upon me. I am not a trifler, and nobody ever comes to my house.

GER. Don't try to excuse yourself when it is not necessary.

SUS. I am very sensitive, signora.

GER. Why didn't you tell me, if you needed a cap?

CAN. You were writing in your dressing-room. I did not wish to disturb you.

SUS. Would you like to see it? I will go and get it. Take a seat, if you please.

(*Exit into shop. GERTRUDE and CANDIDA sit.*)

GER. Have you heard anything about that quarrel between the innkeeper and the shoemaker?

CAN. They say it was on account of love, on account of jealousy. They say it was over Giannina.

GER. I am sorry for that, because she is a good girl.

CAN. Oh, I beg your pardon, aunt. I have heard such things of her that it would be best not to let her come to the house any more.

GER. Why, what have they said?

CAN. I will tell you later. Do as I wish, aunt, do not receive her any more. That will be better.

GER. As she came to see you rather than me, I give you full permission to treat her as you like.

CAN. The wretched creature! She will not have the boldness to appear before me.

SUS. (*Returning from the shop.*) Here are the caps, Signora Candida. Look at them, choose which one you like best. (*All three look at the caps, talking quietly together.*)

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ACT SECOND. SCENE IV.

*Enter COUNT and BARON from the inn.*

COUNT. I am pleased that you told me this secret. Let me take entire charge of the affair, and do not worry about the result.

BARON. I know that you are a friend of Signora Gertrude.

COUNT. Yes, my dear fellow, I will tell you. She is a woman of some intelligence. I am fond of literature; I like to talk with her more than with others. Moreover, she comes from the city, and she is poor. Her husband left her this wretched little palace, with a bit of land; and in order to be respected in this village she needs my protection.

BARON. Good for you, Count. A protector of widows; a protector of handsome ladies.

COUNT. What would you have? In this world one must be of use in one way or another.

BARON. Then you will do me the favor?

COUNT. Do not doubt it, I will speak to her; I will ask for the hand of her niece for a gentleman who is a friend

of mine; and when I ask it of her, I am sure that she would not have the boldness, she would not have the courage, to say no.

BARON. Tell her who I am.

COUNT. What is the use? When I ask her myself . . . .

BARON. But you are asking her in my behalf?

COUNT. In your behalf, yes.

BARON. Do you really know who I am?

COUNT. You think I don't know you? Do you think I don't know your titles, your property, your occupations? Why, among us aristocrats we all know each other.

BARON. (*Aside.*) How pleased I should be if I did not need him!

COUNT. (*Suddenly.*) My very dear friend!

BARON. What is it?

COUNT. There is Signora Gertrude with her niece.

BARON. They are busy. I think they didn't see us.

COUNT. Certainly they didn't see us. If Gertrude had seen me, she would have come to speak to me at once.

BARON. When will you speak to her?

COUNT. Immediately, if you wish.

BARON. It is better for me not to be present. Speak to her, I will go into the apothecary's.

COUNT. Why into the apothecary's?

BARON. I have need of some medicine.

COUNT. I will give you some of my elderberry cordial, Baron.

BARON. No, no, I know what I want; if it's no good, I won't take it. I recommend myself to you. Will you excuse me?

COUNT. (*Embracing him.*) My very dear friend!

BARON. Good-bye, my dear friend. (*Aside.*) He's the craziest man in the world! (*Exit.*)

COUNT. Signora Gertrude!

GERTRUDE. (*Rising.*) Oh, Count, pardon me. I did not see you.

COUNT. One word, if you please.

SUS. If you will be so kind, speak to her here, will you, sir?

COUNT. (*To GERTRUDE.*) No, no, I have something to say to you privately. Excuse me for troubling you, but I beg you to come over here.

GER. I will come at once. Allow me to pay for a cap which we have bought. (*She takes out her purse to pay SUSANNA.*)

COUNT. (*Aside.*) She is going to pay at once! That is a vice which I never had.

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#### ACT SECOND. SCENE V.

*Enter CORONATO from the inn with SCAVEZZO, who carries a barrel of wine on his shoulder.*

COR. (*To the Count.*) Your excellency, this barrel is for you.

COUNT. And the other one?

COR. After this one, we will bring the other. Where do you wish us to take it?

COUNT. To my palace.

COR. To whom shall we deliver it?

COUNT. To my steward, if he is there.

COR. I am afraid he won't be there.

COUNT. Well, deliver it to somebody.

COR. Very good. Come along.

SCA. Has the Count a tip for me?

COUNT. (*To SCAVEZZO.*) See that you don't drink any of my wine and don't put any water in it! (*To CORONATO.*) Don't leave him alone with the barrel!

COR. Don't worry, I will stay with him. *(Exit.)*

SCA. *(Aside.)* Yes, yes, don't worry, the master and I have fixed it for him already. *(Exit.)*

(GERTRUDE comes toward the COUNT. SUSANNA and CANDIDA are seated, and talk together.)

GER. At your service, Count. What can I do for you?

COUNT. In one word, will you give me your niece?

GER. Give? What do you mean by give?

COUNT. The devil! Don't you understand? In marriage!

GER. To you?

COUNT. Not to me, but to a person whom I know and whom I propose to you.

GER. I will tell you, Count; you know that my niece has lost her parents, and as she is the daughter of my only brother, I have undertaken to be a mother to her.

COUNT. All this, if you will excuse me, is quite unnecessary to talk about.

GER. Pardon me. Let me come to the subject that you mentioned.

COUNT. Well? What then?

GER. Candida has not inherited from her father enough to marry according to her rank.

COUNT. Never mind, that's not the question.

GER. Allow me to finish. I have some money left me by my husband.

COUNT. I know that.

GER. I have no children.

COUNT. *(Impatiently.)* And you will give her a dowry?

GER. Yes, sir,—when the match is a suitable one.

COUNT. Oh, this is the necessary point. I propose the bridegroom myself, and when I propose him, he will be suitable.

GER. I am sure, Count, that you are not capable of proposing any but an acceptable person; but I hope you will do me the honor of telling me who it is.

COUNT. He is a friend of mine.

GER. A friend of yours?

COUNT. He has a title, just as I have.

GER. But . . . .

COUNT. Do not make difficulties.

GER. Allow me to finish, if you will. If you do not wish to listen, I will relieve you of my presence.

COUNT. Come, come, don't be unkind; speak, and I will listen to you. With women I am always polite and obliging. I will listen to you.

GER. I will tell you in a word what I think about it. A title of nobility is an honor to a family, but to an individual it is no credit. I don't think my niece is ambitious, and I certainly am not ambitious enough to sacrifice her happiness for the sake of vanity.

COUNT. (*Jokingly.*) Ah, I see that you have read the fables.

GER. These ideas are not learned from fables, nor from stories. They are inspired by nature, and education trains them.

COUNT. Nature! Education! Anything you like. The husband whom I propose is the Baron del Cedro.

GER. What? The Baron is in love with my niece?

COUNT. *Oui, madame.*

GER. I know him, and I have great respect for him.

COUNT. You see, the man whom I propose to you amounts to something.

GER. He certainly is a gentleman.

COUNT. He is a friend of mine.

GER. A little free with his tongue; but after all, that doesn't matter.

COUNT. Very good, then. What is your reply?

GER. Slowly, slowly, Signor Count. Such things as this cannot be decided on the spur of the moment. The Baron will have the goodness to speak with me.

COUNT. When I tell you, don't you know, there's no doubt about it. I make the request in his name. He has put himself in my hands, he has begged me and implored me, and I speak to you and implore you—that is to say, I don't implore, but I ask it of you.

GER. Supposing, then, that the Baron is speaking in earnest . . . .

COUNT. Cospetto! What do you mean by "supposing"? Isn't the thing certain, when I tell it to you?

GER. Very well, the thing is settled. The Baron wishes to marry her. Your lordship asks for her. Now I must find out if Candida agrees.

COUNT. You will never find it out unless you ask her.

GER. (Ironically.) Have the goodness to believe that I will ask her.

COUNT. There she is now, speak to her.

GER. I will speak to her.

COUNT. Go and speak to her now. I will wait for you here.

GER. Allow me, I will be with you again in a moment. (Aside.) If the Baron is really in earnest it will be a piece of good fortune for my niece, but I am afraid that her mind is made up already.

COUNT. (Aside.) With my charming ways I always make people do whatever I wish. (Takes a book from his pocket, sits and reads.)

GER. (*To CANDIDA.*) Candida, let us go for a little walk. I have something to say to you.

SUS. If the ladies would like to walk in my garden, they will be free there.

GER. Yes, let us go there, because I must come back in a moment. (*Exit into shop.*)

CAN. (*Aside.*) What can she have to say to me? I have lost all hope of ever being happy. (*Exit into shop.*)

COUNT. She is capable of making me wait an hour. Fortunately I have this amusing book to read. Literature is certainly a great resource. A man with a good book in his hand is never alone.

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#### ACT SECOND. SCENE VI.

*Enter GIANNINA from her house.*

GIA. There, lunch is ready. When that beast of a Moracchio comes, he will not scold. No one is watching me. This is a good time to go and carry the fan to Candida. If I can give it to her without letting her aunt see, I will do it. Otherwise I must wait for another chance.

COUNT. Aha! there is Giannina. Eh there, my good girl!

GIA. Sir?

COUNT. (*Beckoning to her.*) A word with you.

GIA. What a bother! (*Advancing slowly.*)

COUNT. (*Aside.*) I must not forget Coronato. I promised him my protection, and he deserves it. (*Rises and puts book in his pocket.*)

GIA. Here I am, sir; what do you wish?

COUNT. Where were you going just now?

GIA. To do what I have to do, sir.

COUNT. Is that the way to speak to me? With such boldness, with such impertinence?

GIA. How would you have me speak? I speak as best I can, and as I have learned. I speak this way with everybody, and no one has ever told me that I was impertinent.

COUNT. It makes a difference whom you are speaking to.

GIA. Oh, I don't make such distinctions. If you wish anything from me, tell me. If you are only amusing yourself, I have no time to waste with your lordship.

COUNT. Illustrious lordship!

GIA. Most excellent lordship, if you wish!

COUNT. Come here.

GIA. I am here now.

COUNT. Would you like to be married?

GIA. Yes, sir.

COUNT. Good! I like to hear you say that.

GIA. Whatever I have in my heart, I have on my tongue.

COUNT. Would you like me to find you a husband?

GIA. No, thank you, sir.

COUNT. Why do you say no?

GIA. Why do I say no? Because I mean no. Because I don't need your help to find a husband.

COUNT. Don't you need my protection?

GIA. No, indeed, I don't need it at all!

COUNT. You know how much influence I have in this village?

GIA. You may have influence in the village, but you have no influence in my marriage.

COUNT. No influence?

GIA. (*Laughing.*) No, indeed, not the slightest bit!

COUNT. You are in love with Crespino.

GIA. Oh, yes; he is a fine fellow, and I am quite satisfied.

COUNT. And you prefer him to that fine man, that rich man, that man of reputation, Coronato?

GIA. Oh, I should prefer him to a good many others beside Coronato.

COUNT. You would prefer him to others?

GIA. (*Indicating that she means the Count.*) Do you know whom I prefer him to?

COUNT. Well, whom do you prefer him to?

GIA. What's the use? I would rather not say.

COUNT. You'd better not, because you might say something impertinent.

GIA. Do you wish anything else from me?

COUNT. Now you see, your brother is under my protection; your brother has given his word to Coronato, and so you will have to marry Coronato.

GIA. Your lordship . . . !

COUNT. Illustrious lordship!

GIA. Your illustrious lordship protects my brother?

COUNT. Just so, I have promised.

GIA. And my brother has given his word to Coronato?

COUNT. Precisely.

GIA. Very well, in that case . . .

COUNT. In that case?

GIA. My brother can marry Coronato.

COUNT. I swear to Heaven, you shall not have Crespino.

GIA. Indeed? Why not?

COUNT. I will have him sent away from this village.

GIA. I will go and find him wherever he may be.

COUNT. I will have him flogged.

GIA. When it comes to that, he may have something to say!

COUNT. I will have him knocked on the head.

GIA. I should be sorry for that, very sorry.

COUNT. What would you do if he were dead?

GIA. I am sure I don't know.

COUNT. Would you take someone else?

GIA. Maybe I would.

COUNT. You may count on his being dead.

GIA. Sir, I don't know how to read, or write, or count.

COUNT. Impertinence!

GIA. Do you wish anything else?

COUNT. Go to the devil!

GIA. Please show me the way.

COUNT. I swear to Heaven that if you were not a woman . . . .

GIA. What would you do?

COUNT. You'd better go away from here.

GIA. I obey at once; but I suppose you will say that I have no manners. (*She goes toward palace.*)

COUNT. (*Following her angrily.*) Manners! manners! she's going off without saluting me!

GIA. Oh, I beg your pardon. The servant of your lordship.

COUNT. Illustrious lordship!

GIA. Most illustrious! (*Exit laughing, into palace.*)

COUNT. (*Indignantly.*) "Rustica progenies semper vil-  
lana fuit." I don't know what to do. If she won't have  
Coronato, I cannot force her to take him. No one can say  
that it was my fault. Who the deuce put it into his head  
to want to marry a woman who won't have him? Are  
there not women enough in the world? I will find him  
another wife, a much better one than Giannina. He shall  
see the value of my protection!

## ACT SECOND. SCENE VII.

*Enter GERTRUDE and CANDIDA from shop.*

COUNT. Well, Signora Gertrude?

GER. Sir, my niece is a wise and prudent young woman.

COUNT. (*Impatiently.*) Yes, yes, come to the point.

GER. (*Offended.*) But I don't know what you mean, Signor Count,—“Come to the point.”

COUNT. Excuse me. If you knew what I have just been through with a woman . . . . It is true, she was a different kind of woman. (*Aside.*) But they are all alike. (*Aloud.*) Well, what says the wise and prudent Signora Candida?

GER. Supposing the Baron . . . .

COUNT. “Supposing”? Confound your “supposing”!

GER. Granted, conceded, certified, concluded, whatever your lordship wishes.

COUNT. (*Between his teeth.*) Most illustrious!

GER. Pardon, what did you say?

COUNT. Nothing, nothing at all. Pray go on.

GER. When the conditions are settled, my niece is willing to marry the Baron.

COUNT. (*To Candida.*) Good, that is splendid. (*Aside.*) This time, at least, I have done it!

CAN. (*Aside.*) Yes, to avenge myself on the faithless Evaristo!

GER. (*Aside.*) I certainly did not expect that she would consent. I thought she was inclined in another direction; but I was wrong.

## ACT SECOND. SCENE VIII.

*Enter GIANNINA on the balcony of the palace.*

GIA. She is not here; I cannot find her anywhere. Oh, there she is down there!

COUNT. And so, Signora Candida will marry the Baron del Cedro.

GIA. What is this I hear? What will she say?

GER. (*To the Count.*) She will do it when the conditions . . . .

COUNT. (*To CANDIDA.*) What conditions do you insist upon?

CAN. (*To the Count.*) None at all, sir. I will marry him in any case.

COUNT. Viva, Signora Candida! I am delighted to hear you say this. (*Aside.*) Aha, when I take a hand in anything, it goes to perfection!

GIA. This is perfectly terrible! Poor Signor Evaristo! Well, there is no need of my giving her the fan now.

(*Exit.*)

GER. (*Aside.*) I was all wrong. I thought she was devoted to Evaristo, and all the time she was in love with the Baron.

COUNT. If you will allow me, I will go and tell the good news to my dear friend the Baron.

GER. By the way, where is the Baron?

COUNT. He is waiting for me in the apothecary's. One thing, if you please; will you go into the house? I will bring him to you there at once.

GER. What do you say, my niece?

CAN. Very well, he can talk with you.

COUNT. (*To CANDIDA.*) And with you, too.

CAN. I will agree to whatever my aunt says. (*Aside.*) It will kill me, but I shall have revenge!

COUNT. I will go at once. Wait for us. We shall come to your house, and as it is getting a little late, it would not be a bad plan to invite him to dinner.

GER. Oh, on his very first visit?

COUNT. That is an unnecessary scruple. He will accept gladly, I promise you; and to persuade him, I will stay to dinner, too. *(Exit into apothecary's.)*

GER. *(To CANDIDA.)* Let us go and wait for them, then.

CAN. *(Sadly.)* Let us go.

GER. What is the trouble? Are you not doing this of your own free will?

CAN. Yes, I do it freely. *(Aside.)* I have given my word, and there is no help for it now.

GER. Poor girl, I am sorry for her. In such cases it is natural to be a little embarrassed.

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#### ACT SECOND. SCENE IX.

*Enter GIANNINA from palace.*

GIA. Oh, Signora Candida!

CAN. *(Angrily.)* What are you doing here?

GIA. I was trying to find you.

CAN. Get away from here, and never dare to put your foot in our house again.

GIA. What? Such an insult?

CAN. Insult? You are a good-for-nothing girl, and I cannot and will not endure you any longer.

*(Exit to palace.)*

GER. That is certainly going a little too far.

GIA. I am dumb with astonishment, Signora Gertrude!

GER. I am sorry for the mortification that you have had; but my niece is a sensible person, and if she has treated you badly, she must have some good reason for it.

GIA. (Loudly.) What reason can she have? I am surprised at you.

GER. See here, you must be respectful. Don't shout so.

GIA. I will go and demand an explanation. (Wishes to go into palace.)

GER. No, no, stop! There is no use at present. You can do it later.

GIA. But I tell you that I want to go now.

GER. You will not dare to enter this door!

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ACT SECOND. SCENE X.

Enter COUNT and BARON.

COUNT. Come along, come along.

GIA. I will go in by force.

GER. Impertinence!

(Exit into palace, shutting the door just as the COUNT and the BARON, unseen by her, approach. Giannina walks about in a rage.)

BARON. What's this? She shuts the door in our faces!

COUNT. In our faces? It is not possible.

BARON. Not possible? Not possible when it has been done?

GIA. This insult to me?

COUNT. (To the BARON.) Let us knock, and see what it means.

GIA. (Aside.) If they get in, I will slip in behind them.

BARON. No, wait a minute; I do not care to hear any more. I refuse to expose myself to any more insults. I

made a great mistake in speaking to you at all. They have made you ridiculous, and I am put in a ridiculous position on your account.

COUNT. (*Warmly.*) What is this you say to me?

BARON. And I demand satisfaction.

COUNT. From whom?

BARON. From you.

COUNT. Satisfaction?

BARON. With swords.

COUNT. With swords? I have lived in this village twenty years, and in all that time I have never touched a sword.

BARON. With pistols, then.

COUNT. Yes, that's right, with pistols. I will go and get my pistols. (*Starts to go.*)

BARON. Stop! I have a couple here. One for you and one for me. (*He takes two pistols from his pockets.*)

GIA. (*Running into her house.*) Pistols! Oh, help! Somebody come quick! Pistols! They are murdering each other!

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## ACT SECOND. SCENE XI.

*Enter GERTRUDE on the balcony.*

GER. Gentlemen, what does this mean?

COUNT. What did you mean by shutting the door in our faces?

GER. I beg your pardon. I am not capable of doing a discourteous act to anyone, and especially not to you and the Baron, who is kind enough to ask for the hand of my niece.

COUNT. (*To the BARON.*) Hear that?



W. C. BULLITT, JR., 1912.      A. M. HARTWELL, 1911.  
*as Cespino.*                            *as Giannina*



BARON. But, my dear signora, in the very moment that we were entering your house, the door was slammed in our faces!

GER. I assure you that I didn't see you at all, and I shut the door to prevent that silly idiot Giannina from coming in.

GIA. (*Putting her head timidly out of her door.*) What is that—"silly idiot"?

COUNT. (*To GIANNINA.*) Keep quiet there, impertinence! (*GIANNINA shows her rage; exit.*)

GER. If you will be so kind, I will send the servant to let you in. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. (*To BARON.*) Hear that?

BARON. I have nothing more to say.

COUNT. What are you going to do with those pistols?

BARON. I beg your pardon, but my sensitive honor . . . .

(*Puts the pistols in his pocket.*)

COUNT. Are you going to present yourself before these ladies with your pockets full of pistols?

BARON. I carry them out here in the country, to defend myself.

COUNT. But if they find out that you have pistols in your pocket, you know what women are, they will not come near you.

BARON. You are quite right. Thank you for having warned me. I will make you a present of them, as a sign of my friendship. (*He takes them from his pocket and offers them to the COUNT.*)

COUNT. (*Timidly.*) You are going to give them to me?

BARON. Yes, I hope you will not refuse them?

COUNT. I will take them, because they come from you. Are they loaded?

BARON. What a question! Do you suppose that I would carry empty pistols around?

COUNT. Wait a minute. Ho, there, in the café!

LIM. (*Entering from café.*) What do you wish?

COUNT. Take these pistols, and keep them until I send for them.

LIM. (*Taking pistols.*) Very good, sir.

COUNT. Take care, they are loaded.

LIM. (*Flourishing the pistols.*) Oh, I know how to manage them.

COUNT. (*Timidly.*) Oh, I say there, don't act like a fool!

LIM. The Count is a brave man! (Exit.)

COUNT. (*To BARON.*) I thank you very much, and I shall not forget your generosity. (*Aside.*) I will sell the pistols to-morrow.

TOG. (*From the palace.*) Gentlemen, my mistress is waiting for you.

COUNT. Come along.

BARON. Let us go in.

COUNT. Well, what do you say now? Am I the right kind of a man? Oh, my dear friend, we aristocrats, our protection amounts to something!

(*They go toward palace. GIANNINA, from her house, follows them. COUNT and BARON exeunt into palace, GIANNINA tries to go in also, and TOGNINO prevents her.*)

TOG. You have no business in here!

GIA. I tell you I have business in there!

TOG. I am ordered not to let you in.

(*Exit, closing door.*)

GIA. I am so furious that I don't know what to do! I feel as if I was stifling! Such an insult to me, a respectable girl!

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## ACT SECOND. SCENE XII.

Enter EVARISTO and MORACCHIO with guns, game bag and dog.

EVA. Here, take my gun into your house, and keep the partridges until I send for them. Take good care of the dog. (*Sits at café and takes snuff.*)

MOR. That's all right. I will take care of the dog and the other things. (*To GIANNINA.*) Is lunch ready?

GIA. (*Angrily.*) It is all ready!

MOR. What the devil is the matter with you? You are always in a rage with everybody, and then you complain of my temper!

GIA. Yes, that's right. We are brother and sister, there is nothing more to be said.

MOR. Very well, let us go in to lunch. It is time.

GIA. You go ahead, I will come in a moment. (*Aside.*) I want to have a word with Signor Evaristo.

MOR. Come, if you are coming. If you do not come, I will eat alone. (*Exit into house.*)

GIA. If I should eat now, it would poison me!

EVA. Not a soul on the balcony. They must be at dinner. I had better go into the inn. The Baron is expecting me. (*To GIANNINA.*) Well, Giannina, have you anything to tell me?

GIA. Oh, sir, I should say I did have something to tell you!

EVA. Have you given her the fan?

GIA. Here is your miserable fan!

EVA. What does this mean? Could you not give it to her?

GIA. I have received a thousand insults and a thousand impertinences. They drove me out of the house like a robber.

EVA. Did Signora Gertrude see that?

GIA. Not only Signora Gertrude, the most impudent things were said to me by Signora Candida.

EVA. Why so? What have you done to her?

GIA. I have not done anything at all to her, sir.

EVA. Did you tell her that you had a fan for her?

GIA. How could I tell her, when she didn't give me time, and when they drove me out like a thief?

EVA. But there must be some good reason.

GIA. For my part, I know I didn't deserve it. All this bad treatment came to me, I am sure, on account of you.

EVA. On account of me? When Candida loves me so much?

GIA. When Candida loves you so much!

EVA. Why, certainly, there is no doubt of that?

GIA. (*Laughing.*) Yes, yes, I assure you that she loves you tremendously. Why, certainly!

EVA. I don't understand what you mean.

GIA. (*Sarcastically.*) Go, go and find your lady-love! Go and find your sweetheart!

EVA. Why should I not go?

GIA. Because the place is taken.

EVA. Taken? By whom?

GIA. By the Baron del Cedro.

EVA. (*Astonished.*) Is the Baron in the house?

GIA. Why should he not be in the house, when he is going to marry Signora Candida?

EVA. Giannina, you are crazy, you are dreaming, you do nothing but say the most absurd things!

GIA. Don't you believe me? Go and see. You will soon find out whether I'm telling you the truth.

EVA. In the house of Signora Gertrude?

GIA. And of Signora Candida.

EVA. The Baron?

GIA. del Cedro.

EVA. Is going to marry Signora Candida?

GIA. I saw it with my eyes and heard it with my ears.

EVA. It is impossible. It cannot be so. You are talking absolute nonsense.

GIA. Very well, go and find out. You will see whether I am talking nonsense. (*She begins to sing.*)

EVA. I will go immediately. (*Runs to palace and knocks.*)

GIA. Poor old fool! He trusts in the love of a young lady from the city. You cannot trust them, as you can us country girls!

(EVARISTO *shudders and continues to knock.* TOGNINO *opens the door.*)

TOG. Pardon me, I cannot let anyone in.

EVA. Did you say who it is?

TOG. I did.

EVA. To Signora Candida?

TOG. To Signora Candida.

EVA. And Signora Gertrude does not wish to have me come in?

TOG. Signora Gertrude was the one who wanted to have you come in, but Signora Candida refused.

EVA. She refused? In the name of Heaven, I will go in! (*Tries to force his way in, TOGNINO shuts the door in his face.*)

GIA. Aha! I told you so!

EVA. This is too much for me. I don't know where I am. Shutting the door in my face!

GIA. You needn't be surprised; that is just what they did to me.

EVA. How is it possible that Candida can have deceived me?

GIA. When it has actually happened there is no doubt about it.

EVA. And yet I don't believe it. I cannot believe it. I will never believe it.

GIA. You don't believe it?

EVA. No. There must be some mistake, some misunderstanding. I know Candida's heart. She is incapable . . . .

GIA. That's right. Console yourself if you can. Go on hoping if you want to, and much good may it do you!

EVA. I absolutely must speak with Candida.

GIA. But if she refuses to see you?

EVA. Never mind, there must be some other reason. I will go into the café. It will be enough to see her, to get a word from her. One gesture will be enough to tell me whether I have any hope.

GIA. (*Hands him the fan.*) Here, take this.

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ACT SECOND. SCENE XIII.

*Enter CORONATO and SCAVEZZO. SCAVEZZO goes into the inn. CORONATO listens to the conversation.*

EVA. What do you want to give me?

GIA. The fan.

EVA. Keep it, don't bother me any more.

GIA. You give me the fan?

EVA. Yes; keep it, keep it, I give it to you. I am nearly crazy.

GIA. Very well, I will take it. Thank you.

COR. (Aside.) Aha! Now I see what the present is. A fan! (Exit into inn without being seen by GIANNINA.)

EVA. But if Candida will not let me see her, if she doesn't happen to come to her window, if she sees me and refuses to listen to me, if her aunt refuses to let her speak to me—I don't know what in the world I can do next.

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#### ACT SECOND. SCENE XIV.

Enter CRESPINO, carrying a large bag full of leather and shoes; while going toward his shop he stops to listen.

GIA. Poor Signor Evaristo. Truly I pity you, I am sorry for you.

EVA. Yes, Giannina, I am indeed to be pitied.

GIA. You are so kind, so agreeable, so polite!

EVA. You know my heart; you know how much I am in love!

CRES. (Aside.) That's good. I arrived just in time.

GIA. Really, if I knew of any way to console you . . . .

CRES. (Aside.) Good for her!

EVA. Well, at any cost I must try my fate. I will not allow myself to be reproved for not having tried to make it right again. I will go into the café, Giannina, and I go there in fear and trembling. You must continue to love me and be kind to me.

(Shakes her hand and goes into the café.)

GIA. One minute he makes me laugh, and then the next minute I pity him.

(CRESPINO takes shoes and leather from bag, and begins to work.)

GIA. Oh, there is Crespino! I'm glad to see you back. Where have you been all this time?

CRES. Don't you see? I went to buy some leather, and to get these shoes to mend.

GIA. You never do anything but mend old shoes. I shouldn't like to have people say . . . . You know people have such malicious tongues!

CRES. (*Working.*) The malicious tongues will have more to say about you than they will about me.

GIA. About me? What can they possibly say about me?

CRES. I don't care if they do say that I am a cobbler, not a shoemaker. It is enough for me to be an honest man and to earn my living.

GIA. I shouldn't like to be called the cobbler's wife.

CRES. When would that be?

GIA. When I marry you.

CRES. Eh?

GIA. Eh? What do you mean by "eh"?

CRES. I mean to say that Signora Giannina will not be a cobbler's wife nor a shoemaker's wife either, because I see she has grand and magnificent ideas in her head.

GIA. Are you crazy, or have you been drinking this morning?

CRES. I am not crazy, and I have not been drinking; but I'm neither blind nor deaf.

GIA. What the deuce do you mean? Speak plainly if you want me to understand.

CRES. You want me to explain? Very well. Do you think I didn't hear those fine words with Signor Evaristo?

GIA. With Signor Evaristo?

CRES. (*Imitating EVARISTO.*) "Yes, Giannina, you know my heart, you know how much I am in love!"

GIA. (*Laughing.*) Oh, crazy!

CRES. (*Imitating Giannina.*) "Really, if I knew of any way to console you . . . ."

GIA. Oh, crazy!

CRES. (*Imitating Evaristo.*) "You must continue to love me and be kind to me."

GIA. Crazy, crazy and then once more crazy!

CRES. I crazy?

GIA. Yes, you, crazy, extra crazy, once more crazy!

CRES. Corpo del diavolo! Didn't I see you, didn't I hear your lovely conversation with Signor Evaristo?

GIA. Crazy!

CRES. And what did you say to him in return?

GIA. Crazy!

CRES. (*Threatening her.*) Giannina, stop saying "crazy," or I will act like a crazy man indeed!

GIA. Eh, eh, do you really think that Signor Evaristo cares anything about me?

CRES. I am not so sure.

GIA. And that I am such a fool as to care anything about him?

CRES. I am not so sure.

GIA. Come here. Listen. Signor Evaristo is in love with Signora Candida, and Signora Candida has fooled him and is going to marry the Baron; and Signor Evaristo, in despair, came to tell me about it and I pretended to sympathize with him, just for fun; and now do you understand?

CRES. Not one word of what you say!

GIA. Are you persuaded of my innocence?

CRES. Not so sure.

GIA. In that case, you may go to the devil. Coronato wants me, my brother has given him his word, the Count is urging me and begging me. I think I will marry Coronato.

CRES. Slowly! slowly! Don't lose your temper. How can I be sure that you are speaking the truth, and that there is nothing between you and Signor Evaristo?

GIA. And you don't want me to call you crazy? My dear little Crespino, I love you so much, I love you with all my heart and soul.

CRES. (*Gently.*) What was it that Signor Evaristo gave you?

GIA. Nothing.

CRES. Nothing? Are you sure? Really nothing?

GIA. When I say nothing, I mean it. (*Aside.*) I don't want him to know about the fan. It would make him suspicious.

CRES. How can I be sure?

GIA. Come, come, don't torment me!

CRES. Do you really love me?

GIA. Certainly I love you.

CRES. (*Taking her hand.*) Come then, let us make peace.

GIA. (*Laughing.*) Crazy!

CRES. (*Laughing.*) Why crazy?

GIA. Because you are the craziest man I ever saw!

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ACT SECOND. SCENE XV.

Enter CORONATO from the inn.

COR. At last I have found out about the present that Giannina had.

GIA. What have you to do with me?

CRES. (*To CORONATO.*) Did she get a present?

COR. From Signor Evaristo.

GIA. Nothing of the sort.

CRES. Nothing of the sort?

COR. Oh, yes, and I know what the present is!

GIA. Well, whatever the present may have been, it is no business of yours. I love Crespino and I am going to be his wife.

CRES. (To CORONATO.) Tell me, what was the present?

COR. A fan.

CRES. (Angrily to GIANNINA.) He gave you a fan?

GIA. Confound the man!

CRES. Did he give you a fan?

GIA. There is no truth in it.

COR. It is so true that you have it now in your pocket.

CRES. I am going to see that fan.

GIA. Not if I can help it!

COR. I will find a way of making you bring it out.

GIA. Insolence!

---

### ACT SECOND. SCENE XVI.

*Enter MORACCHIO from his house with napkin around his neck, eating.*

MOR. What's the meaning of all this noise?

COR. Your sister has had a fan given to her. She's got it in her pocket, and she says it is not so!

MOR. (Commandingly.) Give me that fan!

GIA. You leave me alone!

MOR. (Threatening.) Give me that fan, or I swear to Heaven . . .

GIA. (Showing the fan.) Confound you, there it is.

CRES. (Trying to take it.) Give it to me, give it to me!

COR. (Trying to take it.) I want it.

GIA. Leave me alone, confound you!

MOR. Give it to me, instantly! I want it!

GIA. (*To MORACCHIO.*) I'll do nothing of the sort. I would rather give it to Crespino.

MOR. Give it to me, I tell you. (*GIANNINA gives the fan to CRESPIANO and runs into the house.*)

COR. and MOR. (*To CRESPIANO.*) Give it to me!

CRES. You shan't have it!

(*Exit, running, the others follow.*)

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ACT SECOND. SCENE XVII.

*Enter COUNT on balcony of palace.*

COUNT. (*Shouting.*) Ho there! Signor Timoteo!

(*Enter TIMOTEO.*)

TIM. What do you wish?

COUNT. Quick! Quick! Bring some smelling salts and stimulants. Signora Candida has fainted away!

TIM. I will come at once. (*Exit into shop.*)

COUNT. What the devil happened to her when she was looking out of the window? There must be poisonous trees in this garden. (*Exit.*)

(*CRESPIANO runs across the stage, followed by CORONATO and MORACCHIO. Enter BARON from palace.*)

BARON. Come, hurry up, Signor Timoteo.

(*Enter TIMOTEO from shop, carrying tray with several bottles.*)

TIM. Here I come, here I come!

BARON. Come quickly, they need you in there! (*Exit.*)

TIM. Coming, coming.

(*CRESPIANO, CORONATO and MORACCHIO run across the stage as before; they knock over TIMOTEO, who falls with his*

*bottles. CRESPINO falls and loses the fan, CORONATO picks it up. Exit TIMOTEO to shop.)*

COR. (To MORACCHIO.) Here it is, here it is! I've got it!

MOR. That is all right, then. You keep it. Giannina will have to tell me where she got it. (Exit into house.)

COR. Well, he saw it, and I have it! (Exit into inn.)

CRES. Confound the men. They have half killed me; but never mind. I am sorry, though, that Coronato got the fan. I would give six pairs of boots if I could get it back and break it to pieces. Why should I break it? Why, indeed? Because it was a present that somebody gave to Giannina? How foolish that would be! Giannina is a good girl, and I will not give her up for such a thing as that. (Exit into his shop, limping.)

CURTAIN.

## ACT THIRD.

### SCENE I.

Enter CRESPINO from his shop, with bread and cheese on a plate, and an empty decanter; sits on his bench and begins to eat. Enter TOGNINO from palace, and exit into TIMOTEO's shop. Enter CORONATO from inn, followed by SCAVEZZO, who carries a barrel on his shoulder as before. CORONATO passes in front of CRESPINO, and laughs; CRESPINO looks at him and trembles. Exeunt CORONATO and SCAVEZZO; CRESPINO watches them, then continues eating. Enter TOGNINO with a broom; he sweeps up the bottles which were broken at the end of ACT SECOND. Enter TIMOTEO from his shop, carrying bottles on a tray; he goes hurriedly into palace. CRESPINO, with his empty decanter, goes slowly and sadly into inn. Enter SUSANNA from her shop; she arranges her wares, sits and begins to work. Exit TOGNINO into palace. Enter GIANNINA from her house; she sits and begins to spin. Enter CRESPINO from inn, with his decanter full of wine; laughing, he displays the fan, which he holds under his jacket; sits on his bench, hides the fan under a pile of leather, puts the decanter on the ground beside him, and begins to eat. Enter CORONATO; he passes in front of Crespino, laughs, and goes into inn, turning at the door to look once more at CRESPINO, who then looks at the fan, laughs, and continues eating. Enter COUNT and BARON from palace.

• COUNT. No, my dear friend, I beg your pardon, you have nothing to complain of.

BARON. I assure you that I have nothing to be proud of.

COUNT. If Signora Candida fainted away, that was merely an accident; you ought not to feel offended. You

know that women are subject to these humors, to these sterile affections.

BARON. "Sterile affections"? Hysterics, you mean!

COUNT. Yes, hysterics, if you like. However, if she didn't give you a very cordial greeting, it was not her fault, it was because she was feeling unwell.

BARON. But she was feeling perfectly well when we went in; and the moment she saw me, she withdrew into her room.

COUNT. That was because she was beginning to feel faint.

BARON. Did you notice Signora Gertrude when she came out of her niece's room?—with what interest, with what astonishment, she was reading something that looked like letters?

COUNT. She has charge of important affairs. Probably they were some letters which had just come to her.

BARON. Not at all, they were old letters. I wager that she had found them in Signora Candida's room, or in her pocket.

COUNT. You're a very strange man, my dear friend! What on earth are you thinking of?

BARON. I am simply imagining what it might be. I have suspected all along that there was something between Signora Candida and Evaristo.

COUNT. Oh, that is quite impossible. If it were so, I should know about it. I know everything. Nothing is ever done in this village that I do not know about it. And then, if it were as you say, do you think she would ever have agreed to your proposal, and that she would have dared to show disrespect to a gentleman like me when I took a hand in the matter?

BARON. There is some truth in that. She said "yes" without waiting to be begged. But Signora Gertrude, after

reading those letters, was no longer as polite to me as before. Indeed, to a certain extent, she seemed to want us to go.

COUNT. I will tell you what I think about it. The only thing that we can complain about in this case is that Signora Gertrude did not invite us to stay to dinner with her.

BARON. I don't care anything about that.

COUNT. I tried to put the idea into her head, but she pretended not to understand.

BARON. I assure you that she was very anxious to have us leave.

COUNT. I am very sorry on your account. But, by the way, where are you going to dine to-day?

BARON. I have ordered dinner for two at the inn.

COUNT. For two?

BARON. Evaristo went hunting, and I am waiting for him to come back and dine with me.

COUNT. Won't you come and dine at my house?

BARON. At your house?

COUNT. The only thing is that my house is half a mile away.

BARON. Thank you very much, my dinner is already ordered. Eh, there! in the inn! Coronato!

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE II.

*Enter CORONATO.*

COR. What do you wish?

BARON. Has Signor Evaristo returned?

COR. I have not yet seen him, sir. I am sorry, because dinner is ready and it is getting spoiled.

COUNT. Evaristo is capable of staying out in the woods till dark, and making you lose your dinner.



A. M. HARTWELL, 1911.  
*as Giannina.*



BARON. What do you think I ought to do? I promised to wait for him.

COUNT. Wait for him? That is all right, up to a certain point. But, my dear friend, you ought not to wait for a man whose social position is inferior to yours. I admit that politeness and courtesy . . . but, my dear friend, we must maintain our dignity.

BARON. I am almost ready to ask you to take Evaristo's place.

COUNT. If you don't want to wait any longer, and if you dislike to eat alone, come to my house and we will eat whatever we find there.

BARON. No, my dear Count, do me the pleasure to come with me. We will begin eating, and if Evaristo is so impolite as to be late, it is his loss.

COUNT. (*Pleased.*) Let him learn manners.

BARON. (*To CORONATO.*) Have the dinner served.

COR. Yes, sir, at once. (*Aside.*) There won't be much left for the servants if the Count is there!

BARON. I will go in and see what they have provided.

(*Exit.*)

COUNT. Did you take that other barrel of wine?

COR. Yes, sir, I sent it.

COUNT. You didn't send it without going yourself? They will play some trick on me.

COR. I will tell you. I went with the boy as far as the corner, and there I met your man.

COUNT. My steward?

COR. No, sir.

COUNT. My footman?

COR. No, sir.

COUNT. My valet?

COR. No, sir.

COUNT. Who was it, then?

COR. That fellow who lives with you and carries to market the fruit, the vegetables and the other things.

COUNT. What? That man?

COR. Just as I say. I met him, I showed him the barrel, and he went the rest of the way with the boy.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) The devil! The one who never drinks any wine is capable of drinking half the barrel. (*Is about to enter inn.*)

COR. A moment, if you please.

COUNT. (*Annoyed.*) What is it?

COR. Did you speak to Giannina for me?

COUNT. Yes, I did.

COR. And what did she say?

COUNT. (*Embarrassed.*) It's all right, it's all right.

COR. All right, is it?

COUNT. (*Trying to pass.*) We will speak of that afterwards.

COR. But tell me about it now.

COUNT. Come, come, I must not keep the Baron waiting.

(*Exit.*)

COR. I have good hope. When a man like that undertakes anything, he succeeds—sometimes! (*To GIANNINA.*) Giannina!

(*GIANNINA, sitting and spinning, does not reply.*)

COR. At least you might say good-day to me.

GIA. (*Without looking at him.*) You would do better to give me back my fan.

COR. Yes . . . . (*Aside.*) Oh, by the way, I must have left the fan in the inn. I hope nobody has carried it away. (*To GIANNINA.*) Yes, yes, we will speak about the fan afterwards.

(*Exit.*)

CRES. (*Laughing loudly.*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

SUS. You seem to be pleased, Signor Crespino. You are laughing heartily.

CRES. I am laughing because I have good reason to laugh.

GIA. You are laughing, and I am crazy with rage.

CRES. Rage? What are you enraged about?

GIA. Because that fan is in Coronato's hands.

CRES. (*Laughing.*) Oh, yes. It is in Coronato's hands. Ha! ha!

GIA. Well, what are you laughing at?

CRES. I am laughing because it is in Coronato's hands.

(*Exit into shop, carrying the remains of his lunch.*)

GIA. He laughs like a fool.

SUS. (*Working.*) I didn't expect that my fan would pass through so many hands.

GIA. (*Sharply.*) Your fan!

SUS. Yes, I say "my fan" because it came from my shop.

GIA. They paid you for it, didn't they?

SUS. Of course they did, otherwise they wouldn't have had it.

GIA. And I dare say they paid double what it was worth.

SUS. That is not true; and if it was, what business is it of yours? For all it cost you, you could afford to keep it!

GIA. How do you know what it cost me?

SUS. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, if it cost you anything, that is different. I don't know whether the one who gave it to you is under obligations.

GIA. (*Angrily.*) Obligations? What do you say about obligations? I am surprised at you.

SUS. Well, well, don't think you can make me afraid.

CRES. (*Entering from shop.*) What's the matter?  
Always fighting; always yelling.

GIA. (*Aside.*) I am so mad I could break my distaff!

SUS. She does nothing but sneer at you, and then she won't let you talk back.

CRES. (*Beginning to work.*) Are you angry, Giannina?

GIA. (*Spinning.*) I angry? I never get angry.

SUS. (*Sarcastically.*) Oh, she is so peaceful, she never loses her temper!

GIA. I never lose my temper unless they tease me, and say impertinent things, and try to trample on me.

(SUSANNA tosses her head and grumbles to herself.)

CRES. (*Working.*) Am I the one that treated you badly and trampled on you?

GIA. (*Spinning; angrily.*) I was not talking about you.

SUS. Oh, no; she is not talking about you, she is talking about me.

CRES. How ridiculous! In this little village of four houses you cannot have a moment's peace.

GIA. When there are these sharp tongues.

CRES. Be still, this is shameful.

SUS. She insults you, and won't let you answer.

GIA. I never speak without good reason.

SUS. I had better be quiet and say nothing more.

GIA. Certainly, it is better to be quiet than make a fool of yourself.

CRES. She always wants the last word!

GIA. Yes, even if I were in the bottom of a well. He who wants me may take me. He who does not, may leave me alone.

(Enter TIMOTEO from palace with tray and bottles.)

CRES. Be quiet, be quiet; don't let them hear you.

TIM. I will never go into that house again. What fault is it of mine, if those medicines are of no use? I can only give what I have. Out here in the country they expect to find all the luxuries of the city. And then, what are all their tinctures and essences and panaceas? Nothing but quackery. The foundation of medical science is water, quinine and mercury. *(Exit.)*

CRES. *(To GIANNINA.)* There must be somebody sick in the palace.

GIA. *(Scornfully.)* Oh, yes, that precious jewel Signora Candida.

SUS. Poor Signora Candida!

CRES. What is the trouble with her?

GIA. How do I know what ails her? Something silly.

SUS. I know perfectly well what ails Signora Candida.

CRES. *(To SUSANNA.)* Well, what?

SUS. I should think Signora Giannina would know it, also.

GIA. What have I got to do with it?

SUS. Yes, naturally; because she is sick on account of you.

GIA. *(Jumping to her feet.)* On account of me?

SUS. Yes. There is no enduring you!

CRES. *(Rising.)* I should like to know what all this disturbance means.

GIA. *(To SUSANNA.)* You never speak without making a fool of yourself.

SUS. Come, come, don't get excited!

CRES. *(To GIANNINA.)* Let her tell what she has to say.

GIA. *(To SUSANNA.)* What reason have you to say that?

SUS. I have nothing more to say.

GIA. Oh, no; speak.

SUS. No, I will not. Do not force me to speak.

GIA. If you have any sense of honor, you will speak!

SUS. Very well, then, I will.

CRES. Keep quiet, keep quiet, here comes Signora Gertrude. Don't make a scene before her. (*Returns to his work.*)

GIA. (*Going toward her house.*) Oh, I must have an explanation of what she said.

SUS. (*Working.*) She wishes me to speak? Very well, I will!

CRES. (*Working.*) I wish I could have this matter cleared up!

### ACT THIRD. SCENE III.

*Enter GERTRUDE from palace.*

GER. (*In a serious tone, to GIANNINA.*) Tell me, will you, has your brother come back?

GIA. (*Rudely, going toward her house.*) Yes, he has.

GER. Has Signor Evaristo come back also?

GIA. Yes, he has.

GER. Do you know where Signor Evaristo is?

GIA. I don't know anything about it. Excuse me.

(*Exit.*)

GER. What manners! (*She calls.*) Crespino!

CRES. (*Rising.*) Signora?

GER. Do you know where Signor Evaristo is?

CRES. No, signora, I don't know at all.

GER. Will you be good enough to go and see if he is in the inn?

CRES. With pleasure.

(*Exit into inn.*)

SUS. Signora Gertrude!

GER. What is it?

SUS. (*Rising.*) One word.

GER. Do you know anything about Signor Evaristo?

SUS. Eh, my dear lady, I know quite a lot. I could tell you a number of things.

GER. Heavens! I, too, have things to disturb me. I have just seen some letters which surprised me. Tell me, explain, I beg of you!

SUS. But here, in public? We have to deal with people of no sense. If you would like to have me come into your house . . . .

GER. I wish to see Signor Evaristo first.

SUS. Or if you would like to come into my house . . . .

GER. Yes, that would be better. But let us wait for Crespino.

SUS. Here he comes.

(*Enter CRESPINO.*)

GER. Well?

CRES. He is not there, signora; they expected him to dinner, but he has not come.

GER. And yet he must have come back from his hunt.

CRES. Oh, certainly, he came back; I saw him.

GER. Where can he be?

SUS. He is not in the café.

CRES. He is not at the apothecary's.

GER. Look for him, if you please. The village is not very large. See if you can find him.

CRES. I will go immediately.

GER. If you find him, tell him that I must speak to him at once, and that I am waiting for him in Susanna's house.

CRES. Very good.

GER. Come in, I am anxious to hear.

Sus. Come in, come in; you will hear some fine things.

(*Exeunt GERTRUDE and SUSANNA.*)

CRES. Some trouble with this Signor Evaristo! And then, how about the fan? I am glad that it is in my hands. Coronato, by this time, has found out that it is gone. I am glad that he has no suspicion of me. No one is likely to have told him that I went in to buy some wine. I went just at the right time. Who would ever have expected that I should find the fan lying on a cask? It is the most remarkable coincidence! What a fool he was to leave the fan on the cask! The boy was drawing the wine, and I picked it up and put it under my jacket. Coronato was simple enough to ask me if I had seen it, if I knew anything about it! Am I such a fool as to tell him that I took it, so that he may go about saying that I stole it? He is capable of calling me a robber. Yes, he is certainly capable of that. But where shall I go to look for Signor Evaristo? He is not with the Count, because the Count is eating with all his might in the inn. Well, I will look around the village. There are only six or seven houses. I will find him. I am sorry that I don't yet understand what Susanna said. I will speak to her. If I find Gian-nina at fault, what shall I do? Give her up? Well, I don't know about that, I am very fond of her. But what can it be?

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE IV.

*Enter LIMONCINO, as CRESPINO is about to go.*

CRES. I say, can you tell me where Signor Evaristo is?

LIM. I? How should I know? Am I his servant?

CRES. What nonsense! I thought he might be in your café.

LIM. In that case you would see him.

CRES. The deuce take you, Limoncino!

LIM. Why do you call me Limoncino?

CRES. Come, come, just ask me to mend your shoes!

(*Exit.*)

LIM. What a fool he is! Shall I tell him that Signor Evaristo is in our garden? Now that he is happy and contented, he doesn't want to be disturbed. (*Calling.*) Oh, there, in the inn!

COR. (*At the door.*) What is it?

LIM. Signor Evaristo has sent me to ask you to tell the Baron not to wait for him, because he will not be able to come.

COR. Tell him that his message is too late, and that the Baron has already almost finished his dinner.

LIM. That is all right, then. I will tell him when I see him.

COR. I say, young man!

LIM. What is it?

COR. Have you happened to hear anyone say that he found a fan?

LIM. No, I haven't.

COR. If you hear anything about it, I beg you to let me know.

LIM. Why yes, certainly. Have you lost one?

COR. I had one. I don't know how the deuce it got lost. Some fellow carried it away, and those stupid servants of mine cannot tell me who came to get wine. If I find him, if I find him . . . well, good-day to you.

(*Exit.*)

LIM. I will do what I can. (*About to leave.*)

## ACT THIRD. SCENE V.

*Enter COUNT from the inn.*

COUNT. I heard Limoncino's voice. Eh, young man!

LIM. Yes, sir.

COUNT. Bring two good cups of coffee.

LIM. For whom, sir?

COUNT. For me.

LIM. Both of them for you?

COUNT. One for me, and one for the Baron del Cedro.

LIM. Certainly, sir.

COUNT. Hurry up; and make the coffee fresh! (*Exit.*)

LIM. As long as the Baron is there, it will be paid for; I will get it.

GIA. (*At her door.*) Eh, Limoncino!

LIM. You also, insulting me with that name of Limoncino?

GIA. Come, come, don't get angry; I didn't call you turnip or pumpkin or cucumber or egg-plant.

LIM. Have you anything else to call me?

GIA. (*Calmly.*) Come here and tell me: is Signor Evaristo still there?

LIM. There? Where?

GIA. In the café.

LIM. In our café?

GIA. Yes, in your café!

LIM. The café is right here. You would see him if he was there.

GIA. Well, is he in the garden?

LIM. Well, I don't know anything about it! (*Exit.*)

GIA. What a beast he is! If I had my distaff, I would break it over his head. And yet people say that I am quick-tempered! They all tease me and treat me badly. Those ladies over there, this silly Susanna here, Moracchio, Coronato, Crespino . . . oh, confound them all!

## ACT THIRD. SCENE VI.

*Enter EVARISTO from café.*

EVA. (To GIANNINA.) Oh, there you are, there you are! I am in luck!

GIA. Well, what does all this joy mean?

EVA. Oh, Giannina, I am the happiest man in the world!

GIA. I am glad to hear it; and I hope that you will make them give me satisfaction for all the insults I have had to endure.

EVA. Yes, yes, anything you like. You must know, Giannina, that you were under suspicion. Signora Candida found out that I had given you the fan. She thought I had bought it for you. She was jealous of me, and jealous of you.

GIA. Jealous of me?

EVA. Yes, naturally.

GIA. (Speaking toward palace.) May the plague take you!

EVA. She was going to marry another man through spite, revenge and despair; but when she saw me, she fell down in a faint. I was not able to see her for some time; but finally, through good fortune, her aunt went out of the house, and Candida came into the garden. I broke through the hedge, climbed over the wall, threw myself at her feet, wept, begged, implored, and at last persuaded her. In short, she is mine! she is mine! I have nothing more to fear.

GIA. (Stiffly.) I am sure I am very glad to hear it. She will be yours, always yours. I am very glad, very much pleased.

EVA. She has imposed one single condition before she will complete my happiness.

GIA. What is this condition?

EVA. To justify myself, and to justify you at the same time, as well as to give her a reasonable satisfaction, she asks that I give her the fan.

GIA. (*Aside.*) Now we are in a fix.

EVA. My reputation and yours are at stake. If I cannot give it to her it will seem as if I had bought it for you, and will give credit to her suspicions. I know that you are a sensible girl. Please give me the fan.

GIA. (*Embarrassed.*) Sir, I no longer have the fan.

EVA. Oh, come, you are quite right. I gave it to you, that is true, and I would not ask it back if I were not in extreme need of it. I will buy another one for you—a much better one than that. But for love of Heaven, give me at once the one that I gave you.

GIA. But I tell you, sir, I haven't it any longer.

EVA. (*Excited.*) Giannina, my life and your reputation are at stake.

GIA. I tell you on my word of honor, with any oath you like, that I no longer have the fan.

EVA. Heavens! what have you done with it?

GIA. They found out that I had the fan, and they jumped on me like three mad dogs.

EVA. (*Furiously.*) Who?

GIA. My brother . . . .

EVA. (*Running toward her house.*) Moracchio!

GIA. No, stop; Moracchio didn't get the fan.

EVA. (*Stamping his foot.*) Who then?

GIA. I gave it to Crespino.

EVA. (*Running toward CRESPINO's house.*) Crespino, where are you?

GIA. Come here, listen.

EVA. I am beside myself.

GIA. Crespino hasn't it now.

EVA. Well, then, who has it? Who has it? Quick!

GIA. That wretch Coronato.

EVA. (*Running toward the inn.*) Coronato! Quickly, Coronato!

COR. (*Appearing at door.*) Sir?

EVA. Give me the fan!

COR. What fan?

GIA. The one that I had, which belongs to him.

EVA. Come, quickly, quickly. Waste no more time!

COR. Sir, I am terribly sorry, but . . . .

EVA. But what?

COR. The fan cannot be found.

EVA. Cannot be found?

COR. I put it on a cask, carelessly, and left it there when I went out. Then I came back, and could not find it. Someone had carried it away.

EVA. It must be found!

COR. But where? I have looked everywhere for it.

EVA. Could ten, twenty, thirty sequins find it?

COR. When it's not there, it's not there.

EVA. I am in despair.

COR. I am sorry, but I don't know what to do about it.

(*Exit.*)

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) You are my ruination, my destruction.

GIA. How is it my fault?

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ACT THIRD. SCENE VII.

*Enter CANDIDA on balcony.*

CAN. (*Calling.*) Signor Evaristo!

EVA. There she is! I am in despair.

GIA. Oh, nonsense! Has the world come to an end for that?

CAN. Signor Evaristo!

EVA. Ah, my beloved Candida, I am the most unhappy man in the world.

CAN. Ah, I suppose you cannot get the fan?

GIA. (*Aside.*) She guessed it right the first time!

EVA. What a combination of circumstances! Yes, unfortunately, that is true; the fan has been lost, and it is impossible to find it.

CAN. I have an idea where it may be.

EVA. Where? where? If you could help me to find it . . . .

GIA. It may be that someone has found it already.

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) What do you know?

CAN. The fan must be in the hands of the one to whom you gave it, and she is quite right if she does not wish to return it.

GIA. Nothing of the sort!

CAN. That is enough from you.

EVA. I swear on my word of honor . . . .

CAN. I have heard enough, and my mind is made up. I am surprised to learn that you compare me with this country girl.

(*Exit.*)

GIA. What do you mean by country girl?

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) I swear to Heaven, you are the cause of all my trouble.

GIA. See here, don't act like a fool.

EVA. She has made up her mind, and I must make up mine. I will await my rival and attack him with my sword. The wretch will die, or else I shall sacrifice my own life. It is all on your account that I am in this trouble.

GIA. (*Going slowly toward her house.*) I think I had better go home. I am afraid he is going to lose his wits.

EVA. My passion fills my heart. I can scarcely breathe. My knees are trembling. My eyes grow dim; who will help me? (*He sinks into a chair.*)

GIA. What is it? What is it? Is he dying? Poor gentleman! He is dying. Help! Somebody come! Oh, Moracchio; oh, in the café!

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ACT THIRD. SCENE VIII.

*Enter LIMONCINO with two cups of coffee, going toward the inn; MORACCHIO from his house, CRESPIANO and TIMOTEO.*

CRES. Oh, there is Signor Evaristo. What has happened to him?

GIA. (*To LIMONCINO.*) Water, water!

CRES. Wine, wine! (*Exit to shop.*)

LIM. Give him some wine. I must carry this coffee to the inn. (*Exit.*)

MOR. Courage, courage, Signor Evaristo. It is time to go hunting.

GIA. That's right, talk about hunting! He is in love. That's the only trouble.

TIM. What is the matter?

MOR. Come here, come here, Signor Timoteo.

GIA. Come and do something for this poor gentleman.

TIM. What is the matter with him?

GIA. He is in a faint.

TIM. I must bleed him.

MOR. Can you do that?

TIM. In case of need one does anything. (*Exit.*)

GIA. Oh, poor Signor Evaristo! he will kill him.

(*Enter CRESPIANO with a bottle of wine.*)

CRES. Here, here, this will revive him. It is good old wine.

GIA. He seems to be coming to his senses.

CRES. Oh, this would bring the dead to life.

MOR. Courage, courage, brace up.

(Enter TIMOTEO with a glass, towel, and razor.)

TIM. Here I am now. Quick! Roll up his sleeve.

MOR. What are you going to do with that razor?

TIM. In an emergency it does better than a lancet.

CRES. A razor?

GIA. A razor?

EVA. (Pathetically.) Who wants to assassinate me with a razor?

GIA. Signor Timoteo.

TIM. I am an honest man. I assassinate no one. And when I am doing the best I can, no one has a right to find fault. (Aside.) Just call me again, and see whether I will come.

(Exit.)

MOR. Will you come to my house, Signor Evaristo? You can rest on my bed.

EVA. I will go wherever you like.

MOR. Give me your arm, lean on me.

EVA. How much better if my unhappy life could come to an end. (Walks, leaning on MORACCHIO.)

GIA. Now he wants to die. I will call the apothecary again. He will be able to oblige him.

MOR. Here we are at the door. Come in.

EVA. Your pity is useless to one who wishes only to die.

MOR. Giannina, come and fix the bed for Signor Evaristo.

(Exeunt EVARISTO and MORACCHIO into house;  
GIANNINA starts to follow.)





E. M. WOOLLEY, 1911,  
*as Count of Rocca Marina.*

CRES. Giannina!

GIA. What is it?

CRES. You are very sympathetic with this gentleman.

GIA. I am doing my duty, because you and I are the cause of his trouble.

CRES. I don't know about you, but what have I to do with it?

GIA. All on account of that wretched fan. (Exit.)

CRES. Confounded fan! I must have heard them talk about that fan a million times; but I am glad of it, on account of that miserable Coronato. He is my enemy, and I am afraid of him until I am safely married to Giannina. I might bury the fan in the ground somewhere; but then somebody might walk over it and break it. Whatever I do, I don't want them to get me into trouble. In a thing like this the poor man has to suffer. (Goes to his bench and takes the fan.)

(Enter from inn LIMONCINO with empty cups, and COUNT, who walks about with the air of a man who has dined well.)

LIM. Thank you, sir.

COUNT. Wait a moment! (Takes a piece of sugar and puts it into his mouth.) For the chills.

LIM. For the throat.

COUNT. What's that?

LIM. I say, it is good for the throat. (Exit.)

CRES. (Coming forward with the fan.) I might almost—yes, that's a good plan.

COUNT. Oh, good-day, Crespino.

CRES. Your illustrious lordship's humble servant.

COUNT. Are my shoes mended?

CRES. (Showing the fan.) They will be done to-morrow.

COUNT. What have you in that paper?

CRES. Something that I found on the ground near the inn.

COUNT. Let me see it.

CRES. Take it, sir. (*Gives it to him.*)

COUNT. Oh, a fan. Someone going by must have lost it. What are you going to do with this fan?

CRES. Really, I don't know what to do with it.

COUNT. Do you want to sell it?

CRES. Sell it? I should not know how much to ask for it. How much do you think it is worth?

COUNT. I have no idea. There are pictures on it, but a fan picked up in the country cannot be worth much.

CRES. I should be glad if it was valuable.

COUNT. So as to sell it, I suppose?

CRES. No, really, sir, to have the pleasure of presenting it to your illustrious lordship.

COUNT. To me? You wish to present it to me?

CRES. But if it is not good enough for you . . . .

COUNT. Oh, yes, it's a good fan. It is very pretty. I am much obliged to you, my good man. If I can do so, I will give you the benefit of my protection. (*Aside.*) I can make a present of it to someone.

CRES. But I beg you to do me a favor.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) I knew it! These people never give anything without wanting something in return. (*To CRESPINO.*) What do you want? Speak.

CRES. I beg you not to say that you got it from me.

COUNT. Is that all you want?

CRES. That is all.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) Well, I declare! (*To CRESPINO.*) If you wish nothing else—but tell me, please, why do you not wish it to be known that I received it from you? Did you steal it?

CRES. Pardon me, sir, I am not capable . . . .

COUNT. But why do you not wish it to be known that I received it from you? If you found it, and if the owner does not ask for it, I see no reason.

CRES. And yet there is a reason.

COUNT. What is that?

CRES. I will tell you. I have a sweetheart.

COUNT. I know, it is Giannina.

CRES. And if Giannina should find out that I had this fan and had not given it to her, she would be mad as the deuce.

COUNT. You are quite right not to give it to her. It is no fan for a peasant girl. (*Putting it in his pocket.*) Do not worry, I will say nothing about getting it from you. But, by the way, how are your affairs with Giannina? Do you really wish to marry her?

CRES. To tell the truth, I must confess my weakness. I do want to marry her.

COUNT. In that case, do not worry. I will see that you marry her at once, if you wish.

CRES. Truly?

COUNT. Do you know who I am? Do you know what my protection means?

CRES. But Coronato wishes to marry her, too.

COUNT. Coronato? Coronato is a fool. Does Giannina love you?

CRES. Oh my, yes!

COUNT. Very well, then. You are the one she loves, and she cannot endure Coronato. You may be sure of my protection.

CRES. That is all very well; but her brother?

COUNT. Her brother, her brother? When the sister is satisfied, what has the brother to do with it? You may depend upon my protection.

CRES. I recommend myself to your kindness.

COUNT. Yes, to my protection.

CRES. I will go and finish mending your boots.

COUNT. Don't talk so loud. I ought to have a new pair.

CRES. You shall have them.

COUNT. Oh, I am willing to pay for them, don't you know; you must not suppose . . . . I never sell my protection!

CRES. Certainly not for a pair of boots.

COUNT. Very well, go back to your work. (*He examines the fan.*)

CRES. Certainly, sir. (*Aside.*) Oh, cospetto di Bacco! I forget all about it! Signora Gertrude sent me to find Signor Evaristo. I found him here, and did not give him the message. His fainting—the fan—I forgot all about it. I might go and tell him now, but I don't like to go into that house on account of Moracchio. This is what I will do. I will go and find Signora Gertrude, I will tell her that Signor Evaristo is in Giannina's house, and she can send someone to call him. (*Exit to SUSANNA'S shop.*)

COUNT. Look and see this. Here is a fan. How much can it be worth? I don't know. Seven or eight crowns. If it was something better, I would give it to Signora Candida. She broke her own this morning. Well, why not? It is not such a bad fan, after all.

GIA. (*From her house.*) I cannot find Crespino. Where can he be?

COUNT. The pictures are not very well painted, but they are not badly drawn.

GIA. What is this I see? The fan in the hands of the Count! Quickly, quickly, I must go and wake up Signor Evaristo. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. Oh, well, a present is never refused. I will give it to her.

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## ACT THIRD. SCENE IX.

BARON. (*Entering from inn.*) My friend, you left me there alone.

COUNT. I saw that you were tired of talking.

BARON. Yes, that is true. I am not reconciled yet. Tell me, do you think this is a good time to see whether we can speak to the ladies again?

COUNT. Why not? A good idea has just come into my head. Would you like to have me give you a present? You could give it in turn to Signora Candida.

BARON. What is this present?

COUNT. Do you know that this morning she broke her fan?

BARON. Yes, so I heard.

COUNT. Here is a new fan. Let us see if we can find her, and then you can give her the fan. Keep it, keep it, it is not so bad. (*Gives the fan to the BARON.*)

BARON. You wish then . . . .

COUNT. Yes, you give it to her. I have no reason for giving her a present. I will let you take the credit for it.

BARON. I will gladly avail myself of your kindness, but allow me to ask how much it cost you?

COUNT. Why do you want to know how much it cost?

BARON. So as to pay for it.

COUNT. Oh, that does not matter. You remember that you gave me the pistols.

BARON. I have nothing more to say. I will accept your kindness. (*Aside.*) Where in the world did he find this fan? He has no money to buy one with.

COUNT. What do you think of it? Is it not beautiful? Didn't it come in the nick of time? On such occasions I know what is required. I know how to arrange things. I have an entire roomful of little presents for ladies. Well, come along, let us lose no time. (*Knocks at the palace.*)

TOC. (*On the balcony.*) What do you wish?

COUNT. Are the ladies at home?

TOC. Signora Gertrude is not at home, and Signora Candida is resting in her room.

COUNT. As soon as she wakes up, tell us.

TOC. Very good. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. Did you hear that?

BARON. We must wait awhile. I have a letter to write. I will go into the apothecary's and write it. Will you come with me?

COUNT. No, no, I don't care about going into that store. You go and write your letter, and I will stay here until the servant comes to bring us word.

BARON. Very well. When you give the signal I will be with you.

COUNT. Trust me.

BARON. (*Aside.*) I have small confidence in him, still less in the aunt, and least of all in the niece. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. I will amuse myself with my book. My precious collection of fables. (*Takes book from pocket, sits down and reads.*)

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE X.

EVA. (*Entering from GIANNINA's house.*) Oh, there he is still. I was afraid he might have gone. I do not understand how I could have fallen asleep, with all my troubles; but I was completely worn out. Now I feel

better, and I hope to get back the fan. (*To the Count.*) Count, I am your servant.

COUNT. (*Reading.*) Your servant.

EVA. Will you allow me to say a word to you?

COUNT. (*Still reading.*) I will be with you in a moment.

EVA. (*Aside.*) If he has not the fan in his hand I don't see how I can introduce the subject.

COUNT. (*Rising, putting away the book.*) Here I am. What can I do for you?

EVA. (*Looking to see if he has the fan.*) Pardon me if I have disturbed you.

COUNT. Not at all, not at all. I will finish the fable another time.

EVA. I should not like to have you call me troublesome.

COUNT. (*Looking at his own clothes.*) What are you looking at? Is there a spot on me anywhere?

EVA. I beg your pardon, someone told me that you had a fan.

COUNT. (*Embarrassed.*) A fan? Yes, that is true. Did you lose it?

EVA. Yes, I lost it.

COUNT. But there are plenty of fans in the world. How do you know that this is the one that you lost?

EVA. Will you have the kindness to let me see it?

COUNT. My dear friend, I am sorry to say that you are too late.

EVA. How too late?

COUNT. The fan is no longer in my hands.

EVA. (*Excited.*) No longer in your hands?

COUNT. No; I gave it to somebody.

EVA. (*More and more excited.*) Who is the person that you gave it to?

COUNT. That is what I am not willing to tell you.

EVA. Count, I absolutely must know. I need the fan, and you must tell me who has it.

COUNT. I will tell you nothing about it.

EVA. I swear to Heaven you will tell me!

COUNT. What? Will you forget your respect for me?

EVA. I say it and I repeat it. You are not acting like a gentleman.

COUNT. Do you know that I have a pair of loaded pistols in my pocket?

EVA. What do I care about your pistols? Give me my fan, sir.

COUNT. What the devil does this mean? Such a fuss on account of a wretched fan! Scarcely worth a penny!

EVA. Whatever it may be worth, you have no idea what it cost me, and what I would give to get it back. I would give fifty sequins.

COUNT. You would give fifty sequins?

EVA. Yes, gladly, if I could find it again I would give fifty sequins.

COUNT. Diavolo! It must have been painted by Titian, or Raphael.

EVA. See here, Count, will you do me this favor?

COUNT. I will see if I can get it back; but it will be difficult.

EVA. If the person who has it is willing to give it up for fifty sequins, call on me.

COUNT. If I had it, I should be offended at such a proposal.

EVA. Undoubtedly, but perhaps the person who has it will not be offended.

COUNT. Oh, as for that, this person would be offended as much as I would, and perhaps . . . . my friend, I assure you that I don't know what to do.

EVA. Let us arrange it this way, Count. Here is a gold snuff-box, which is worth fifty-four sequins by weight alone. You know that the workmanship doubles the value. Never mind; if you get the fan back, I will gladly give this snuff-box in exchange. Here, take it. (*Gives it to him.*)

COUNT. Are there diamonds on that fan? I didn't notice any.

EVA. No, there are no diamonds. It is of no value. But it is precious to me.

COUNT. I will see if I can do you this favor.

EVA. I beg you to do so. I shall be under the greatest obligation to you.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) I scarcely know how to do it. (*To EVARISTO.*) Wait here, I will do everything I can. So you wish me to give the snuff-box in exchange?

EVA. Yes, certainly, give it.

COUNT. (*Starting toward the apothecary's.*) Wait here. But supposing the person gives me back the fan, and will not take the snuff-box?

EVA. Signore, I have given the snuff-box to you. It is yours. Do with it whatever you like.

COUNT. Absolutely?

EVA. Absolutely.

COUNT. (*Aside.*) The Baron is a gentleman, and he is my friend. (*To EVARISTO.*) Wait here. (*Aside.*) If it was the fifty sequins, I would not accept them; but a gold snuff-box! Oh, yes, that is a present that a gentleman may take. (*Exit.*)

EVA. To get back to the favor of my lady I would sacrifice even my life.

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE XI.

CRESPINO. (*Entering from SUSANNA's shop.*) Oh, there he is. (*To EVARISTO.*) Good-day, sir. Signora

Gertrude would like to speak with you. She is here in Susanna's house, and begs you to be kind enough to go in and speak to her.

EVA. Tell Signora Gertrude that I will be with her to receive her commands in a moment. I beg her to wait until I see whether someone is coming to speak to me, and then I will go to her at once.

CRES. Very good, sir. How do you feel? Are you better?

EVA. Thank Heaven, I am much better.

CRES. I am very glad of that. And is Giannina well?

EVA. I believe so.

CRES. Giannina is a good girl.

EVA. Yes, indeed; and she is devoted to you.

CRES. I love her, too; but . . . .

EVA. But what?

CRES. I have heard said . . . .

EVA. You have heard something about me?

CRES. Yes, sir, just so.

EVA. My good man, do not worry about that. There is nothing between Giannina and me.

CRES. Oh, I am sure of it. It was nothing but gossip.

EVA. Go to Signora Gertrude, and tell her that I am coming at once.

CRES. Yes, sir. I feel better now, I believe everything is all right. (*To the COUNT, who enters from apothecary's.*) I recommend myself to you.

COUNT. You may depend upon my protection.

CRES. I can scarcely wait.

(*Exit.*)

EVA. Well, Count?

COUNT. Here is the fan.

EVA. (*Taking it.*) Oh, what joy! I am infinitely obliged to you.

COUNT. See whether it is yours.

EVA. Yes, yes, it is certainly mine.

COUNT. And the snuff-box?

EVA. That's all right. I am greatly indebted to you.

(*Exit.*)

COUNT. That shows what it is not to understand things. I thought it was an ordinary fan, and it seems to be so valuable! It is so valuable that in exchange for it this gold snuff-box is given. (*Takes some snuff.*) Evaristo would not take it back. It is possible that the Baron would not have been willing to receive it. He was, in fact, a little disgusted when I asked him to give back the fan; but I told him that I would present it to Candida in his name, and then he calmed down. I will buy one for a few pennies, which will do just as well.

CRES. (*Entering.*) It is fortunate that my commission turned out so well. I am glad to do a favor for Signora Gertrude. Oh, Signor Count, then you give me good hope?

COUNT. The best of hope. This is a lucky day for me. Everything goes just right.

CRES. I hope this will go right.

COUNT. Yes, surely it will. Wait. (*Calling.*) Eh, Giannina!

GIA. (*From her house.*) What is it, sir? (*Seeing the COUNT, angrily.*) What do you want?

COUNT. Don't go into a rage. Don't show such temper, I want to help you along, and get you a husband.

GIA. I have no need of your help.

CRES. (*To the COUNT.*) Do you hear?

COUNT. (*To CRESPINO.*) Wait a moment. (*To GIAN-NINA.*) I want to get you a husband of my own choice.

GIA. And I tell you that I refuse.

COUNT. The man I want to give you is Crespino.

GIA. (*Pleased.*) Crespino?

COUNT. Yes. What do you say to that?

GIA. I say yes, sir, with all my heart.

COUNT. (*To CRESPIANO.*) You see the effect of my protection.

CRES. Yes, sir, I see it.

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE XII.

MOR. (*Entering.*) What are you doing here?

GIA. None of your business.

COUNT. Giannina is going to be married under my protection.

MOR. Very well, sir, that is all right. (*To GIANNINA.*) You will consent, whether you like it or not.

GIA. Oh yes, I will gladly consent.

MOR. So much the better for you.

GIA. And to show you plainly that I consent, I give my hand to Crespino.

MOR. What does this mean?

COUNT. (*Calmly.*) That is all right.

MOR. (*With force.*) But, Signor Count, you had promised to use your influence for Coronato.

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE XIII.

COR. (*Entering from inn.*) Who called me?

MOR. Come and see here. The Count wishes my sister to marry . . . .

COR. (*Uneasily.*) Signor Count?

COUNT. I am a man of justice and a reasonable, well-disposed protector. Giannina does not wish to marry you; I cannot and will not force her to do it against her will.

GIA. Yes, sir. I am going to have Crespino in spite of you all.

COR. (*To Moracchio.*) What do you say to that?

MOR. (*To Coronato.*) What do you say?

COR. I don't care a snap of my finger. If she does not want me, she does not deserve me.

GIA. That is the way to talk.

COUNT. (*To Crespino.*) You see the effect of my protection.

COR. Signor Count, I sent you that other barrel of wine.

COUNT. Bring me the bill, I will pay you. (*He takes snuff from the golden snuff-box.*)

COR. (*Aside.*) He has a gold snuff-box. He will pay me. (*Exit.*)

MOR. (*To Giannina.*) So you decided to take the matter into your own hands?

GIA. So it seems.

MOR. If you live to regret it, so much the worse for you.

COUNT. She will never regret it; she will have my protection.

MOR. Bread is what we want, not protection. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. Well, then, when shall the wedding be?

CRES. As soon as possible.

GIA. Or even sooner!

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### ACT THIRD. SCENE XIV.

BARON. (*Entering.*) Well, Signor Count, have you seen Signora Candida? Have you given her the fan? Tell me, why were you not willing that I should give it to her myself?

GIA. (*Aside.*) What is this? Did not Signor Evaristo have it?

COUNT. I have not seen Signora Candida yet. As for the fan, I have some others. Indeed, I have decided to give her a better one. Oh, here comes Signora Gertrude.

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ACT THIRD. SCENE XV.

*Enter GERTRUDE, EVARISTO and SUSANNA from the shop.*

GER. (To SUSANNA.) Be so good as to ask my niece to come down, and tell her that I have something to say to her.

Sus. With pleasure. (*Knocks at door of palace and is admitted.*)

GER. (To EVARISTO.) I would rather not have the Count and the Baron go into my house. For the present we can talk here.

COUNT. Signora Gertrude, the Baron and I were just going to call upon you.

GER. Very kind of you, but this is my hour for walking. I want to stay out of doors for a while.

BARON. Good-day, Signor Evaristo.

EVA. (*Turning his back.*) I am your servant.

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ACT THIRD. SCENE XVI.

*Enter CANDIDA and SUSANNA from palace.*

CAN. What do you wish, aunt?

GER. Come and take a few steps with me.

CAN. (*Aside.*) Oh, there is the faithless Evaristo.

GER. (To CANDIDA.) Why have you no fan in your hand?

CAN. Don't you remember that my fan was broken this morning?

GER. Oh, yes, that is true. Perhaps we can find another.

BARON. (*To the Count.*) Now is the time to give her that fan.

COUNT. (*To the Baron.*) No, no, not in public.

GER. Signor Evaristo, have you one, by chance?

EVA. (*Showing the fan.*) Here it is, at your disposition.

BARON. (*To Count.*) Is this your fan?

COUNT. (*To Baron.*) Diavolo! Certainly not.

BARON. (*To Count.*) Well, bring it out!

COUNT. No, not now.

GER. My niece, will you not speak to Signor Evaristo?

CAN. No, signora, excuse me, I have nothing to say to him.

COUNT. (*To Baron.*) You see, she will not take that one.

BARON. (*To Count.*) Come, give me your fan.

COUNT. (*To Baron.*) Do you wish to get into a row and have a duel?

GER. Might I ask why you are not willing to receive that fan from Signor Evaristo?

CAN. (*With affectation.*) Because it is not mine. Because it was never intended for me. There is no reason why I should take it.

GER. Signor Evaristo, now is the time to explain.

EVA. I will do so if I am allowed.

CAN. (*Wishing to go.*) Excuse me.

GER. I command you to stay here.

BARON. (*To Count.*) What does all this mean?

COUNT. I haven't the faintest idea.

EVA. Signora Susanna, do you recognize this fan?

SUS. Certainly, sir. It is the one which you bought from me this morning, and which I was foolish enough to think you intended for Giannina.

GIA. Yes, I like that! You certainly were foolish enough!

SUS. Yes; I admit my mistake, and you should learn from me to confess the truth. It is true that I had some reason, because Signor Evaristo did give it to you.

EVA. (*To GIANNINA.*) Why did I give you the fan?

GIA. For me to give to Signora Candida. But when I wished to give it to her, she flew into a rage and would not let me say a word; then I wanted to give it back to you, but you would not take it, and I gave it to Crespino.

CRES. And I fell down with it, and Coronato took it.

EVA. Where is Coronato? How did it get out of his hands?

CRES. Let us not call him. Since he is not here, I will tell the truth. I went into the inn to get some wine, I saw the fan lying there, and I took it away with me.

EVA. What did you do with it then?

CRES. I gave it to the Signor Count.

COUNT. And I presented it to the Signor Baron.

BARON. (*Indignantly.*) Yes, and then you asked for it back again!

COUNT. Yes, and I put it again into the hands of Signor Evaristo.

EVA. And I offer it to Signora Candida. (*CANDIDA takes the fan with a courtesy, smiling.*)

BARON. (*To COUNT.*) What is the meaning of this scene? What is it all about? I am in a ridiculous position, all on account of you!

COUNT. I swear to Heaven, Signor Evaristo . . . .

EVA. Come, come, Signor Count, do not be excited; we are good friends. Give me a pinch of snuff.





COUNT. (*Offering snuff-box.*) That is it. When they treat me politely, I never lose my temper.

BARON. You do not lose your temper, but I lose mine.

GER. Signor Baron!

BARON. And you, signora, are you making fun of me?

GER. I beg your pardon, you do not understand, signore. I have not failed in any way. I have listened to your proposal. My niece, in fact, received it favorably, and I agreed to it with pleasure.

COUNT. Do you hear? That is because I spoke to her.

BARON. (*To CANDIDA.*) And you, signora, why did you deceive me?

CAN. I beg your forgiveness. I was torn between two passions; vengeance wished to make me yours, but love gives me back to Evaristo.

COUNT. That was none of my doing.

EVA. (*To BARON.*) If you had been a less hasty lover, and a more sincere friend to me, you would not have found yourself in this position.

BARON. That is true. I see my mistake. I will only say that I feel the profoundest contempt for the conduct of the Count. (*Exit.*)

COUNT. Oh, never mind, never mind. We are good friends. He is only joking. We aristocrats understand one another. Come, let us make arrangements for the wedding.

GER. Let us go into the house. I am sure that all will be satisfactorily arranged. (*To CANDIDA.*) Are you pleased to have in your hands that fan which you were so anxious to get?

CAN. (*Fanning herself.*) I cannot express to you how happy I am.

GIA. What a remarkable fan! It has turned everybody's head from the highest to the lowest.

CAN. Is it a Parisian fan?

SUS. Yes, it came from Paris.

GER. Come, I invite you all to dinner. We will drink to the health of the author, and (*to the audience*) we offer our humble thanks to those who have honored us with their approval.

CURTAIN.

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